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The watercolor painting reproduced on the cover holds a place in western history as one of the first—and certainly one of the finest—authentic portrayals of a Plains Indian. Dating from the period 1804–07, the small painting (measuring only a little over seven inches in height) is the work of Charles Balthazar Julien Fevret de Saint-Mémin, a French exile who lived in the United States for some twenty years. The Indian is an Osage warrior, a member of a delegation of western Indians that journeyed to Washington, D.C., and other northeastern cities in response to an invitation extended by President Thomas Jefferson through explorers Lewis and Clark. For an article on Indian visitors to the capital, turn to page 4.

COVER PAINTING REPRODUCED COURTESY OF THE HENRY FRANCIS DU PONT WINTERTHUR MUSEUM, WINTERTHUR, DELAWARE

COLLECTION OF THE SANTA BARBARA MUSEUM OF ART, GIFT OF MRS. SILSBY M. SPAULDING

The story of the beautiful seacoast town of Monterey reflects much of the history of California itself. When Spain and later Mexico controlled the region, Monterey served as a provincial capital and as a busy trading center for foreign merchants. Richard Henry Dana called it "decidedly the pleasantest and most civilised-looking place in California." Life-style of the Spanish era was traditionally lively and pleasure-loving. In his elaborate painting *Sunday Morning in Monterey* (above), Charles Christian Nahl depicted one aspect of that life, as *Californios* spend a carefree morning given over to varying diversions. Monterey continued its pleasant, provincial way after the United States took over California, and during the late nineteenth century, the town became an arcadia for artists and writers. A number of romantic and dramatic events in the history of Monterey are recounted in several articles in this issue.

CHARLES J. BELDEN COLLECTION, BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

WHEN THE COWBOY became too old or too lame to hold down a riding job, he often turned to lighter tasks in the ranch world, the only life he knew or wanted. The elderly cowboy above was pictured in Wyoming in the 1920s, regaling the other hands with his fiddle music. Some cowboys who had passed their prime earned their keep by taking a job as handyman, chief helper of the ranch wife, performing a variety of important duties from tending the vegetable garden to tending the boss's grandchildren. For an affectionate portrayal of two ranch handymen, turn to page 16.

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4 **Visiting the President**
by William E. Foley and Charles David Rice
Jeffersonian Indian Diplomacy

16 **He Kept the Home Fires Burning**
by Dorothy W. Sulier
The Ranch Handyman: A Vanishing American

18 **The Presence of the Past**
by Augusta Fink
Historic Adobes of Monterey, California

28 **Portrait for a Western Album**
by Brian McGinty
María Ignacia Bonifacio: The Legend of the Sherman Rose

30 **Commodore Jones and His Private War with Mexico**
by Robert J. Hanks
The U.S. Invasion of Monterey in 1842

34 **Bohemian Rendezvous**
by Chauncey A. Kirk
Nineteenth-Century Monterey: California's First Artists' Colony

46 **Western History Today**

49 **The American West Review**

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VISITING THE PRESIDENT

AN EXERCISE IN JEFFERSONIAN INDIAN DIPLOMACY

by William E. Foley and Charles David Rice

SHOUTS FROM AN EXOTIC GROUP riding horseback through the dusty streets of the capital brought Washingtonians on the run to view the strange sight. More than twenty Indian tribesmen from the vast and unfamiliar Louisiana Territory were arriving in response to an invitation from President Thomas Jefferson. The visitors came in their native attire, dramatic and savage to the eyes of the American onlookers.

British diplomat Augustus John Foster thought that "all Washington was in convulsion," so great was the commotion created by the appearance of the newcomers in December, 1805. Despite the season, two of the Indians bared the upper half of their bodies; their heads were "shaved to the Crown, faces red, ears green, and Feathers and bills of Birds stuck above them." Others bore black-painted stripes on their faces, drawn from the crown of the head to the chin, and were further adorned with "sack loads of Feathers and Quills tied to their Hair behind." Foster described them as "generally tall stout men."

The visit by western tribesmen to the American capital was the result of Jefferson's long-standing interest in the trans-Mississippi West and of his efforts to secure friendly relations with inhabitants of the Louisiana region. Even before the purchase of Louisiana from France in 1803, Jefferson planned an exploratory expedition to be led by Meriwether Lewis across western lands to the Pacific, with the purpose of gathering scientific information and fostering trade and friendship. Jefferson instructed Lewis to convey his good wishes to the Indian tribes and to invite influential chiefs to visit Washington. After the acquisition of Louisiana, the need to be on good terms with western tribesmen became more pressing.

The practice of conducting Indian delegations to the seat of government predated the Louisiana Purchase. Long before Jefferson's presidency, whites had made the Native American an object of curiosity as well as a vehicle for furthering their own ambitions. Christopher Columbus astonished and amused his European contemporaries with the Indians he brought back from the New World, and they were only the first of many Native Americans who crossed the Atlantic to visit the homelands of their new rulers. Soon after creation of the American republic, President George Washington followed colonial precedent in receiving an Indian delegation, and by the time of Jefferson's administration, the protocol for such visits was well established. When the young nation extended its boundaries beyond the Mississippi, bringing Native Americans to the seat of power took on added significance.

In response to President Jefferson's invitation, carried by Lewis and his fellow explorer William Clark, three groups of Indians from the Louisiana Territory visited

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President Thomas Jefferson visualized the American West as an almost limitless region for the slow expansion of the Republic's yeoman farmers, as well as a fascinating area which would yield scientific facts to enquiring explorers. To help establish peaceful relations with native inhabitants west of the Mississippi River, he entertained numerous Indian leaders in Washington during 1804 to 1807. French artist Charles B. J. F. de Saint-Mémin, who made this profile of Jefferson, also portrayed several of the visiting tribesmen.

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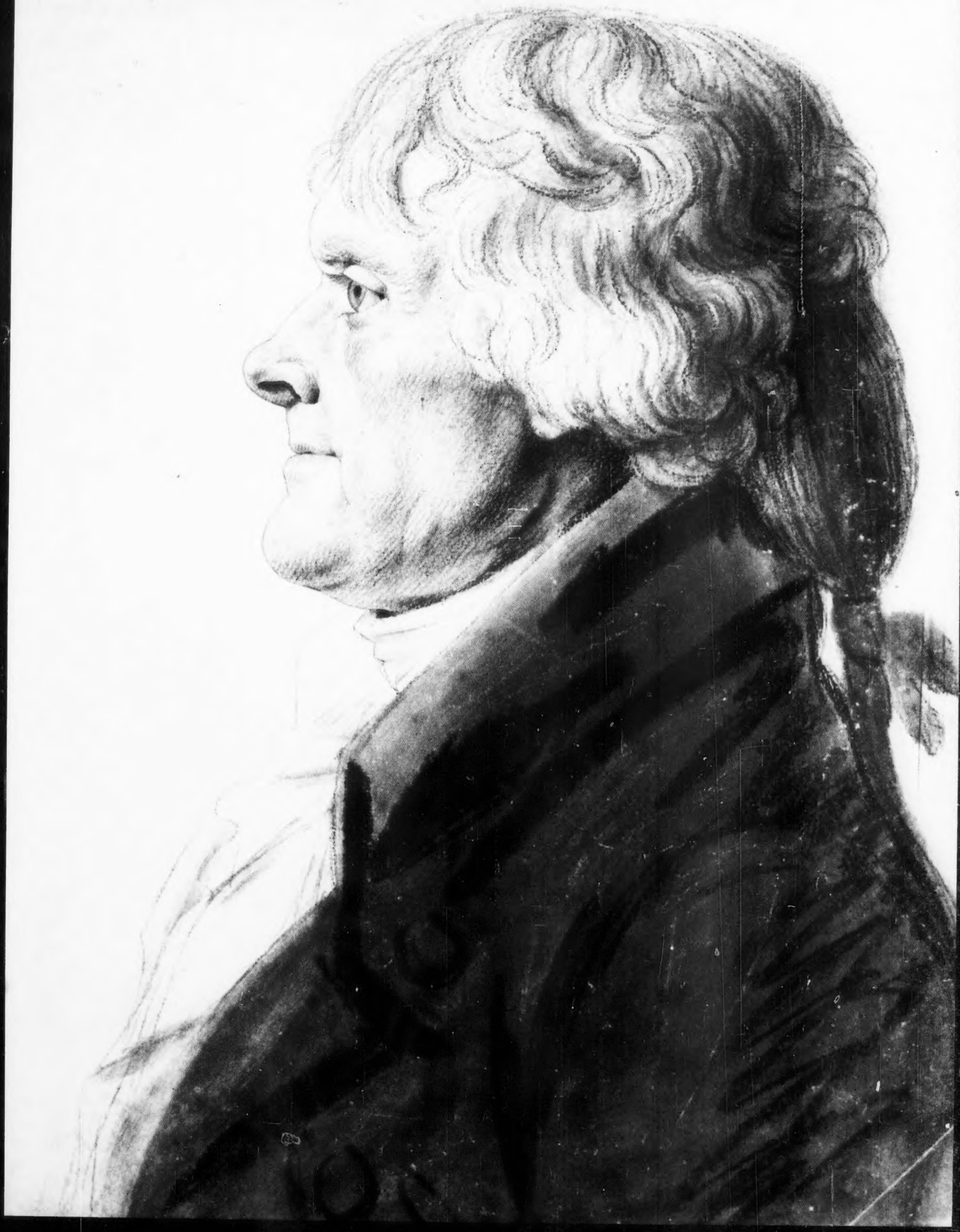

CHARLES BALTHAZAR JULIEN FEVRET DE SAINT-MÉMIN
THE ARTIST AND THE INDIANS

CHARLES BALTHAZAR JULIEN FEVRET DE SAINT-MEMIN
(1770-1852)
COLLECTION OF THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE PORTRAITS reproduced on the cover and on the following eight pages—all the work of Charles Balthazar Julien Fevret de Saint-Mémin and dating from 1804 to about 1807—are thought to be the first detailed, faithful representations of American Plains Indians. They predate the Plains Indian portraits of Charles Bird King by more than a decade, and those of George Catlin and Karl Bodmer by some twenty-five years.

A member of the French aristocracy and a former army officer, Saint-Mémin arrived in the United States in 1793, a refugee from the French Revolution. Saint-Mémin had regarded his art as merely a pastime while in France, but in America it became his livelihood. His distinctive style quickly proved popular, and the more than eight hundred recorded American portraits by Saint-Mémin include most of the leading figures of his day, such as Jefferson, George Washington, John Adams, Paul Revere, and the explorers Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. In 1814 Saint-Mémin returned to France.

The profiles on pages 5–15, all typical of Saint-Mémin's unique technique, are reductions from life-size (16 x 22 inch) crayon sketches on red (now faded to pink) paper. With the aid of a physiognotrace—a mechanical drawing-device invented by another Frenchman in 1786—Saint-Mémin first traced an exact profile of his subject; then, using black and white crayons, he filled in the details of features and clothing.

Using a pantograph, the mechanically-inclined artist later reduced most of his drawings to two-inch-diameter miniature engravings. For the original portrait and a dozen such copies, Saint-Mémin's clients paid thirty-three dollars. One example of such an engraving, a self-portrait of the artist, appears on this page.

Saint-Mémin is known to have produced nine crayon drawings of Native Americans, of which four appear on the following pages. The artist worked out of a number of northeastern cities, but it is likely that these particular portraits were made during the Indians' visits to Washington, D.C., or Philadelphia. Eight of the sketches are now in the collection of the New-York Historical Society; in 1807 these same drawings were probably purchased from Saint-Mémin by Meriwether Lewis for illustration of his projected but never-completed report on his western explorations. An additional portrait, a near-duplicate of one of the eight, and said to be a representation of the Mandan chief Shahaka, is at the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia.

Saint-Mémin also made at least five small watercolor portraits of Indians. Apparently based on the crayon sketches, these were commissioned by Sir Augustus John Foster, a British diplomat who was in Washington during 1804 to 1807 and who evidenced a remarkable interest in the Indian visitors to the capital. (A portion of Foster's description of an arriving delegation appears on page 4.) These paintings are now scattered; the one reproduced on the cover is now at the Henry Francis du Pont Winterthur Museum in Delaware.

Saint-Mémin was not the only artist to produce profiles of these early western visitors to the Northeast. In 1806 the noted artist and collector Charles Willson Peale made a dozen small silhouette cut-outs of Indian delegates who were visiting his Philadelphia museum. Interestingly, like Saint-Mémin's profiles, these were also produced with the aid of a mechanical tracing device. Although Peale's silhouettes lack the detail of Saint-Mémin's drawings, they are of equal historical interest. (The story of these silhouettes, as told by John Ewers, appears in the *Smithsonian Journal of History*, Volume 1, 1966.)

Washington and other eastern cities between 1804 and 1807. The first delegation, a party of twelve Osage chieftains and two boys accompanied by Pierre Chouteau, a prominent Saint Louis fur trader, arrived in Washington during the summer of 1804. Lewis and Clark had arranged for their visit just before heading up the Missouri. By the time the Osages returned to Saint Louis in October, representatives of other tribes began clamouring for an opportunity to call upon the American president. The following spring, Chouteau, now serving as the first United States Indian agent in Upper Louisiana, reported the arrival in Saint Louis of several delegations from tribes along the upper Missouri bearing assurances from Captain Lewis that they would be escorted to the national capital. American authorities, however, decided to postpone all visits until the cooler autumn months.

The much-delayed second expedition did not get underway until October of 1805 when Captain Amos Stoddard, the officer who had supervised the transfer of Upper Louisiana from France to the United States, left Saint Louis with a contingent of chieftains representing twelve Missouri and Mississippi river tribes. It was their boisterous arrival in Washington that Foster so eloquently described. After completing a grand tour of the East, they arrived back in Saint Louis early the following summer.

The final Indian expedition during the Jefferson years occurred in conjunction with the return of Lewis and Clark from the upper Missouri. The explorers persuaded the Mandan chief Shahaka and his wife and child to accompany them to Washington in the fall of 1806. At the same time, Pierre Chouteau escorted another assemblage of six Osage leaders to the capital city for further consultations. The previous missions were accomplished with only minor problems, but tribal warfare along the upper Missouri kept the Mandan leader from returning to his village for another two years. Although Jeffersonian leaders viewed the visits as an important part of the administration's Indian policy in the Louisiana Territory, they declined to authorize additional trips after 1807 because of the costs and the problems in securing Shahaka's safe return. (Such visits were reinstated during succeeding administrations, however. During the 1820s and 1830s, dozens of Indian delegations visited Washington, often to sign treaties under which they ceded rights to portions of their homeland.)

Jefferson's immediate objective in bringing western tribesmen to Washington was to impress them with the size, power, and wealth of the United States. This, he hoped, would make them more willing to accept American control and would lead them to reject rumored British and Spanish plots against the United States. Jefferson and his advisers ruled out military coercion to establish authority in the new territory not only because the nation lacked the necessary armed forces but also because a massive showing of military strength would be too costly as well as contrary to republican principles. By combining visits to Washington with distribution of gifts and the good-will activities of government agents, Jeffersonians hoped to persuade Indians to accept American authority peacefully.

The president's aim was to satisfy American interests without destroying the Indian. Convinced that savagery must give way to civilization, Jefferson concluded that survival of the Indians depended upon their gradual assimilation into expanding American society. By persuading the Indians to abandon their traditional ways in favor of agriculture, limited ownership of land, and peaceful coexistence, he hoped to transform them from nomadic hunters and gatherers into yeoman farmers. The experience of the eastern tribes, forced off their lands and declining in numbers, did not offer much reason for optimism. But philanthropic-minded Jeffersonians hoped that within the vast spaces of the Louisiana Territory the Indian could yet be saved through the slow process of acculturation. Visits to the capital would introduce the technologically-backward, western tribesmen to the wonders of the white man's world which one day they would have to join.

Jefferson's vision of a peaceful republican civilization in the Louisiana Territory was riddled with contradictions. American frontiersmen, eager for western land, did not share his benevolent attitudes, nor did most tribesmen show any interest in surrendering their traditional culture. In addition, frontier administrators assigned to oversee Indian-white relations in Upper Louisiana openly questioned the effectiveness of the civilizing mission. Despite the absence of widespread support for the president's philanthropic sentiments, the policy of bringing western Indians to Washington to establish friendly relations met with popular approval.

INDIAN RESPONSE to Jefferson's invitation was so enthusiastic that agent Pierre Chouteau repeatedly sought instructions concerning the steady stream of Indians descending upon his office in Saint Louis. Although Chouteau advised most of the tribal leaders to return home until the necessary authorization could be secured, he had to devote a great deal of time to entertaining the visiting Native Americans. To guard against boredom and to keep them physically fit while they waited in Saint Louis, Chouteau hired a wagon and took them out into the countryside periodically for hunting trips. The Indians also amused themselves with card games they had learned from Canadian traders and a game played by moving reeds in different directions.

At the suggestion of Secretary of War Henry Dearborn, Chouteau constructed a large building near his residence to accommodate the Indian delegations. Not all of those who traveled down-river expecting to visit the president ever made the trip, as cost-conscious American administrators selected only a few representatives from each of Upper Louisiana's principal tribes. Those not chosen re-

PAYOUSKA, CHEF DES GRANDS OSAGES

Payouska, chief of the Great Osages and probably a member of the delegation of western Indians that visited the nation's capital in 1804, posed for Saint-Mémin in a military coat with epaulets, provided by his hosts. A silver armband and presidential medal complete his adornment.

ceived presents to compensate for their disappointment.

The Jefferson administration sought to ensure that visiting Indians would be cordially received along their route and in eastern cities, but in characteristic fashion, the Washington officials expected the entire project to be carried out as economically as possible. The leader of the 1805 delegation, Captain Amos Stoddard, received instructions to camp out with his charges as often as possible in order to avoid costly tavern rates, but Stoddard soon discovered that limiting expenses was not easy. He reported that he had to purchase 350 pounds of beef daily to feed his traveling companions, each of whom consumed about twelve pounds a day. Almost certainly this expedition cost more than the $1,450 originally allocated to Stoddard.

Since the plains Indians were unfamiliar to eastern Americans, they excited interest wherever they traveled. When the chiefs in Stoddard's delegation staged a war dance in Louisville and attended a special wax exhibit in Frankfort attired in military garb, many curious Kentuckians turned out for a look at the strangers from the West. The encounters were friendly. All delegations appear to have been well received on the way to the federal city. More surprising was the absence of any serious conflict within the delegations. The Stoddard group, in particular, contained representatives from tribes that were long-standing, mortal enemies, but aside from the fact that the Sacs dined in a separate room from the Osages because they were at war, few inter-tribal rivalries were evident.

When the Indian dignitaries arrived in the nation's capital, the Jefferson administration made every effort to make their stay memorable. The president personally welcomed them to the city with a set speech that he had prepared for such occasions. He promised American protection and assistance in return for Indian friendship and trade. During his conferences with tribal leaders, the chief of state always stressed that as residents of the same continent, their two peoples had a common destiny. Jefferson's eloquent messages pictured the American president as a benevolent father to the Indian population.

The Indian emissaries responded warmly to the president's assurances. Speaking for his people in 1804, the Osage Chief White Hair grandly affirmed their sense of dignity and pride: "I have come with my head down. I hope to return with it raised. I have long since been sold as negroes are sold. I hope that is done, and that we shall not have to at all times await petty Frenchmen coming to our villages to give bad counsel."

After meeting with the president, the Indians usually traveled to the Capitol to observe the legislative proceedings and to confer with other high-ranking officials. Once, when the sound of jingling bells signaled the approach of a group of visiting tribal dignitaries, the Speaker of the House of Representatives ordered the gallery cleared to make room for them. The Speaker's action piqued one onlooker to comment that a number of beautiful young females had been obliged to give up their seats and move to a balcony occupied by "dingy groups." As soon as the Indians were seated, the House resumed its debates, but after viewing the deliberations only a few minutes, the tribesmen rose and departed. When the chieftains paid their respects to members of the Senate, one tribal leader stepped forward and grasped Vice-President George Clinton's hand. He bowed to the vice-president before delivering an eloquent address expressing appreciation to the assembled legislators for their friendly reception and wishing them long and great happiness.

The Indian visitors found time to attend military displays, theatrical productions, and a variety of social functions, many of which were held in their honor. On Christmas day in 1805 some of them joined worshippers in a Washington church. They listened intently to the music, but aside from one chieftain who had to "struggle with himself to suppress a smile," the Indians maintained their usual solemn countenances. Having remained seated throughout the entire service, they left "apparently very tired."

The president included members of the 1805 and 1806 delegations on the guest lists for his annual New Year's day receptions. While there, the Indians rubbed elbows with a host of distinguished politicians and diplomats. In fact, at

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CASHUNGHIA, GUERRIER OSAGE

Cashunghia, an Osage warrior and one of the few Indians identified by name in Saint-Mémin's drawings, was apparently another of the group touring northeastern cities in 1804.

the 1806 reception, Jefferson devoted so much attention to his Indian guests that the British Minister to the United States, Anthony Merry, left after only five minutes because he believed the president had snubbed him in favor of the savages.

On some occasions the Indians came attired in their colorful native dress, but at other times they donned the handsome, blue, American-style, laced coats given them by their hosts. They also proudly displayed their silver presidential medals on a chain suspended around the neck. When members of the 1806 delegation brought their wives along, Secretary Dearborn's spouse had to decide what the Indian women should wear for their public appearances. She rejected a suggestion that they be outfitted in gaudy silks and satins and also that they wear only blankets over their native costumes. Instead, Mrs. Dearborn adopted a middle ground and provided them with plain, short dresses and petticoats made of showy, large-figured chintz.

IF THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS of the white man's world impressed the visiting Indians, it is equally apparent that the tribesmen captivated their American hosts. Jefferson called the Osages "the finest men we have ever seen," and Senator William Plumer described them as "temperate" and "quiet and very civil." Augustus John Foster, the British diplomat who met and befriended some of the tribesmen, found them intelligent and without outward signs of savagery. He also discerned that they possessed a natural, unpracticed serenity. "None of them" he wrote, "have the ferocious Countenance which I had been led to expect, and they behave very decently and with perfect propriety."

Most observers marked the Indians' stoic appearance and marveled at their imperturbability. When members of the 1805 delegation accompanied the president to witness naval maneuvers on board the frigate *Adams*, they appeared attentive but remained completely nonchalant when the vessel's heavy guns were fired. While viewing a military parade in 1804, the Osages, according to the *New York Evening Post*, showed "a seeming indifference to the scene before them." A Baltimore newspaper noted their casual air while observing the naval fleet in that city and concluded, "It is a trait, very extraordinary, in those men, not to seem surprized at any object, however great, which may meet their eye." If these visits had been designed to strike terror in the hearts of the Indians, they apparently failed miserably.

Actually, some of the more commonplace aspects of life in the white man's world most surprised the Indians. Jefferson observed that the only time he ever saw them astonished was during a mid-summer dinner when coolers filled with ice were brought to the table. As the startled chiefs handled the ice, one exclaimed: "We now believe what our brothers told us when they came back from the great cities was all true . . . for they never saw anything so wonderful as this we now see and feel. Ice in the middle of summer! We now can believe anything."

Foster reported that the Sacs were very fond of European grapes and oranges, and at least one chief declared that he would take the seeds home and plant them. The Britisher also observed that the chiefs had no idea how to use dinner knives and forks, but after carefully watching their hosts, they mastered the technique quickly.

A number of Indian delegates were taken to visit several of the nation's largest cities including Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. Jefferson felt that these visits would deepen the impression of United States' strength and wealth. His hope was that a policy of friendly and mutually profitable commerce would secure peace better than "an army of thousands."

Throughout their eastern travels the Native Americans attracted widespread public attention. Everywhere local officials competed with one another in entertaining the visiting delegations. If the tribesmen tired of the unending stream of military demonstrations, parades, receptions, meetings, and public gatherings, they did not indicate it openly. The Indian visitors frequently expressed their appreciation for the generous hospitality they received by demonstrating tribal dances in full native costume.

Only a few days following their arrival in Washington

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INDIEN DES IOWAS DES MISSOURI

Although Saint-Mémin inscribed this crayon drawing as portraying a member of the Iowa nation, a watercolor painting of the same subject bears a caption identifying him as a "Mandan King." He may be one of the Mandans who visited the capital in 1806 to 1807.

in the summer of 1804, an Osage delegation staged a war dance for the president, members of the cabinet, and a host of other prominent guests assembled on the lawn in a special area "handsomely lighted by lamps" for the occasion. Their performance rarely failed to elicit comments from spectators. Senator Plumer proclaimed their music and singing unpleasant and their motions ungraceful, but he did acknowledge that the dancers were regular in keeping time and displayed muscular strength. Foster described them as "leaping about like frogs" to the accompaniment of rhythmic drumbeats and occasional "war whoops." Still another observer said their dance "consisted of stamping in procession round the stage in different figures and screaming in horrid discord."

While touring Boston in 1806, the Osage Chief Tatschaga deeply moved members of the Massachusetts Senate with the simple and forceful declaration, "Our complexions differ from yours, but our hearts are the same colour, and you ought to love us for we are the original and true Americans." In the same city, "the attention and inquiries of two beautiful and accomplished ladies" during a visit to a museum "delighted and flattered" the visiting chieftains.

Elements of doubt and fear tempered the white man's admiration for these seemingly noble people. The Indian's fondness for strong drink particularly worried government officials. Liquor, in fact, seemed to destroy that dignity and noble bearing which the white man most admired in the Native American.

In an effort to restrict liquor consumption among the visiting tribesmen, the War Department requested the public not to furnish the Indians with whisky since "they are apt to be troublesome when intoxicated." Two days before this warning appeared in the *National Intelligencer* of January 1, 1806, a group of Indians became so inebriated while demonstrating their dances in a local theater that "the audience became anxious to quit the house." Before agreeing to perform, the supposedly unsophisticated Native Americans had demanded that they be paid half of the evening's net profits and supplied with rum throughout the performance. The sudden death of an Osage chief who had participated in the frenzied dancing that night heightened concern about the ill effects of alcohol on the tribesmen.

American officials also worried that the Indian leader's unexpected death might undo much of the goodwill created by the visit. In extending condolences to the deceased chief's Osage companions, Secretary Dearborn expressed the hope that the tragic event would not affect friendly relations between the two peoples. The Indians responded by saying that their fellow tribesman's death was the will of the Great Spirit.

The Secretary of War arranged the chieftain's burial. The body was put in a wooden coffin and carried to the city burying ground in a hackney carriage. A large crowd including several members of Congress turned out to witness the interment. A Marine escort provided by the government fired three volleys over the grave. The Indians who attended the burial remained silent throughout the solemn proceedings much to the disappointment of some curious spectators who had expected a more exotic ceremony. Dearborn also saw to it that a new suit and presidential medal, which federal officials had promised the chief before his death, were forwarded to his family.

The Osage leader was not the only casualty among the visiting tribal dignitaries. As many as five of the chiefs accompanying Stoddard died of natural causes during the trip. When members of that delegation prepared to leave for home, the president expressed his sorrow for the deaths which he attributed, in part, to "accident and the change in their diet and manner of living."

The ice creams, pastries, and other equally rich foods they sampled could scarcely have failed to upset the Indians. Pierre Chouteau reported that many of the chiefs suffered from dysentery. Washington's hot, humid climate and the tribesmen's susceptibility to certain of the white man's diseases undoubtedly compounded the problem. At one point, thought was given to inoculating the Native Americans against smallpox. Unfortunately, some of them took back another kind of reminder of their journey. The eminent curator, Charles Willson Peale, informed Jeffer-

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INDIEN CHEF DES PETITS OSAGES

This unnamed chief of the Little Osage tribe bears one of the most stately and imposing profiles of all the Indians portrayed by Saint-Mémin. In describing one such Osage chief, a contemporary observer noted that "perhaps no one brought up in savage life has ever been known to unite with the same ease, politeness and nobleness of manners."

son that a few of the chiefs contracted venereal disease from prostitutes in Philadelphia in 1807.

THOSE WHO MANAGED to return home safely brought with them vivid impressions of the white man—his wealth, military strength, great numbers, and highly organized state. The tribal leaders also came back loaded down with presidential medals and proclamations, as well as a variety of other special gifts. One of those presents frequently was a Bible. Many Christian Americans had an intense interest in converting the "savages" as a part of the civilizing mission, but there were a few dissenters. Realizing that missionary activity would disrupt the Indians' living patterns, Amos Stoddard questioned the wisdom of such efforts. To attempt to Christianize them, he argued, would be "pregnant with evil." Pointing out that the Indians had a natural religion, Stoddard advised his countrymen that it would be more productive to help the Indians change their occupations than to debate their metaphysical and moral views.

The attempts to take the Gospel to the red men illustrate the moral dilemma inherent in all facets of American policy toward the Indians. For the Native Americans to become civilized according to the white man's standards, they would have to cease being Indians in the fullest sense of the word. Big Soldier, a Little Osage leader who journeyed to the federal city in 1804 and again in 1806, understood this clearly. He expressed his admiration for the power of the white man's society—"you can do almost whatever you choose." But Big Soldier did not wish to desert his tribal ways. If he should do so, he said, he would "become a slave," and he wished to die free.

The Indian visits to Washington during the Jefferson administration underscored the dramatic contrasts between Native American and white cultures and values, suggesting that perhaps the differences were too great to permit any genuine, mutual understanding. But were any of the United States government's immediate objectives realized? Did the excursions attach the trans-Mississippi Indians more closely to American interests? Did they make the frontier more peaceful? Were the western Indians spared the vices and degeneration of their eastern brothers and sisters?

The evidence suggests that the journeys did not, in themselves, achieve these goals. In the short run, the attention and fine gifts bestowed upon the Indians may have flattered them. Pierre Chouteau thought the 1804 Osage trip did much to win that tribe's allegiance to the United States. Yet during Chief White Hair's absence, factional divisions within the tribe deepened, and for many years thereafter American authorities labored to heal the breach and restore tribal unity. In addition, the special treatment accorded the Osages aroused the envy of rival tribes. An outbreak of Sac and Fox assaults against American settlers in 1804 stemmed in part from those tribes' unhappiness over the American government's efforts to court their longtime enemies, the Osages. At least temporarily, the first visit to the capital increased tensions along the frontier.

In other cases, as well, the lavish hospitality and impressive displays shown on the eastern treks seemed to have only a limited effect. Historian William Unrau, for example, doubts that the visits influenced the Kansa Indians. Instead, he attributes that tribe's final acceptance of American authority to frequent distributions of gifts, along with Lt. Zebulon Pike's display of force.

The initial goodwill generated by the trips appears to have dissipated rapidly. When American agent George Sibley visited various western tribes in 1811, he found scant evidence of any residual effects. Once the Indians returned home, the federal government did little to build upon the impressions gained during the travels in the East. Sibley reported that the Kansa Indians knew little about the presidential address which their chief Wawkunchera had brought back from Washington in 1806 because it had never been explained to them.

Like the Kansa, the Pawnee were unfamiliar with the presidential statements they had in their possession, for the same reason. Moreover, the Pawnee leaders were re-

Continued on page 56

COLLECTION OF THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, NEW YORK CITY

HE KEPT THE HOME FIRES BURNING

THE RANCH HANDYMAN - A VANISHING AMERICAN

by Dorothy W. Sulier

THE FIRST RANCH HANDYMAN must have appeared shortly after an early-day rancher brought his eastern bride to the loneliness of the ranch house, to a dwelling devoid of all conveniences and female help. The ranch crew were of no help to her. They operated exclusively for the Boss, most of the time far from the ranch home. But if she was lucky, her salvation appeared over the horizon: a lonely man riding the grubline—flat broke, usually in his later years or crippled or both, looking for a small job to pay for his meals. If the Boss-lady liked him and he pegged her for a kindly woman, he just might unroll his bed right there and stay on forever.

The handyman literally kept the home fires burning. He held a singular position in the smooth running of the ranch. He was an unrecognized kingpin. While the cowhands herded, doctored for bots, branded, roped and cut, hollered and popped cows out of the brush and up the trail, the handyman kept the home-place going. Although he held his position with the complete approval of the rancher, that is as far as their association advanced. An unwritten accord between rancher and wife gave her total dominion over the handyman. He was her number-one helper, supported from her sugar bowl with egg money or included among the staples of the household allowance. Many handymen never drew a stated wage.

For his services, the handyman earned respectability and security. In the years when he could no longer compete with younger, more vigorous males, and crippled by injuries or ailments associated with his more active days, he knew he would be cared for to the end of his life. Handymen took great pride in their work. The ranch wife reciprocated by ministering to his illnesses, keeping him clothed, providing small comforts, and even catering to his eccentricities. She honored his privacy but made him one of the family.

Sometimes the handyman occupied his choice of beds in the bunkhouse. He usually chose a bunk in a back corner where he could hear the accounts of the day's work, but out of the way of the half-serious arguments and brawling of the young roosters. Even better, he liked a little shack of his own. His little one-room castle might not be much; perhaps he had built it by himself with salvaged lumber and used nails. Maybe he had bought the rolled roofing and the little four-paned window out of his own small savings just to show part ownership.

The handyman was a trusted supplier of wood to the insatiable black kitchen range and the red-hot bellies of the ranch and bunkhouse heaters. He was an emergency carpenter. He could care for a flock of chickens, splint the leg of the ranch dog after it had stepped into a coyote trap, or just as handily pull porcupine quills out of the too inquisitive dog's nose. He could whittle a cane from a twisted root or carve and nail together crutches for some cowhand who ended up with a broken leg or sprained ankle. For his Boss-lady he filled the waterpails on a bench on the back porch. He saw that there were clean, bleached, cement-sack towels hung on the wall above. He scrubbed the community-comb free of pasture dirt and foxtail stickers and balanced it back on its nail below the splattered, wavy mirror.

The handyman made chairs for the bunkhouse out of hardwood barrels. He nailed together and painted the picket fence. He helped plant and weed the kitchen garden after some disgruntled hand had been shanghai-ed to plow several drunken furrows in the garden plot. Every ranch wife declared she had a "jewel" of a handyman. She catered to his likes and dislikes as much as she could. He'd say chocolate cake was his favorite; so, chocolate cake it would be. No, not the kind made with rich chocolate batter. His chocolate cake was a yellow cake with chocolate icing. And thereafter this "chocolate" cake appeared often on the menu.

The handyman's clothes were also included with the monthly mercantile order from town. The Boss-lady kept an eye out for the state of his wardrobe: overalls, canvas gloves, and a denim coat lined with what was derisively called "horse blanket." Keeping track of the state of his underwear was a little tricky. Modesty must be observed. When the handyman washed his clothes and hung them on the corral fence, the Boss-lady found an excuse to saunter down to the corral to see what state of hole-i-ness the underwear was in. Once I heard a neighbor lady remark that her Joe's "backdoor" looked like a screen door; she went to her shopping list to write "johns for Joe."

The handyman was a vessel from which all wisdom flowed. To the children, his word was truth. He could

COLLECTION OF LOUISE PHIPPEN

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM "THE LIFE OF A COWBOY: THE DRAWINGS, PAINTINGS, AND BRONZES OF GEORGE PHIPPEN" (UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA PRESS, 1969)

No longer able to carry out the demanding duties of his trade, the elderly or crippled cowboy sometimes became the valued helper of the ranch wife, earning a privileged place in the ranch family. The above drawing by the late cowboy artist George Phippen reflects the companionship which often developed between the handyman and the ranch children, who considered him the source of wisdom.

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soothe the little daughter's injured feelings with a place in his lap and a stale horehound drop. When small sons contested each other, each trying to grow up first, he settled all arguments. He knew the best material for a lariat or a piggin' string, the best places on the creek to set muskrat traps, how to grow up to be men—not little men, BIG MEN. He always had the time to answer the children's questions, from just what size snelled hooks to use to catch the wary brook trout, to just what Rocky Mountain oysters were that the crew joked about at branding time.

Usually quiet around other adults, the handyman would tell long yarns to the youngsters while he whittled marvelous toys with his pocket knife, whose sharp, worn blades testified to many careful swipes across a whetstone. He would whittle a long, continuous chain from a straight-grained fir, and finish it off gloriously, with a little wooden ball inside a cage. "And it wouldn't never fall out because it was whittled right in there"—a quote from one of his worshipful young friends.

I have counted myself fortunate to know two of the unusual handyman breed. They had both come to grips with the realities of life, lowered their sights, discarded youthful dreams, and chosen security. Time and misfortune had pushed them rung by rung down life's ladder to the lowest level of usefulness; there they made the necessary adjustments in niches where they could establish themselves and be accepted.

OLD BEN WAS THE HANDYMAN of my childhood. He was a huge man with a shock of snow-white hair and a heavily lined face. He looked, my cousin concluded, "quite a bit like God." Ben lived with my aunt and uncle for twenty years. In his younger days, he had worked in the woods, starting out as a lumberjack and retiring as a sawyer. Ben was minus the end of the right index finger and his right leg just above the knee. My cousin and I were eaten up with curiosity for the details of these amputations, but we had strict orders from my aunt. "You just wait 'til Ben tells you. If he wants to, he will, but if I ever hear you asked, I'll skin you both." It was hard to keep from asking. We spent a lot of time with Ben.

Continued on page 58

LITHOGRAPH BY CHARLES GILDEMEISTER, BASED ON AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY G. J. DENNY

OLD MONTEREY

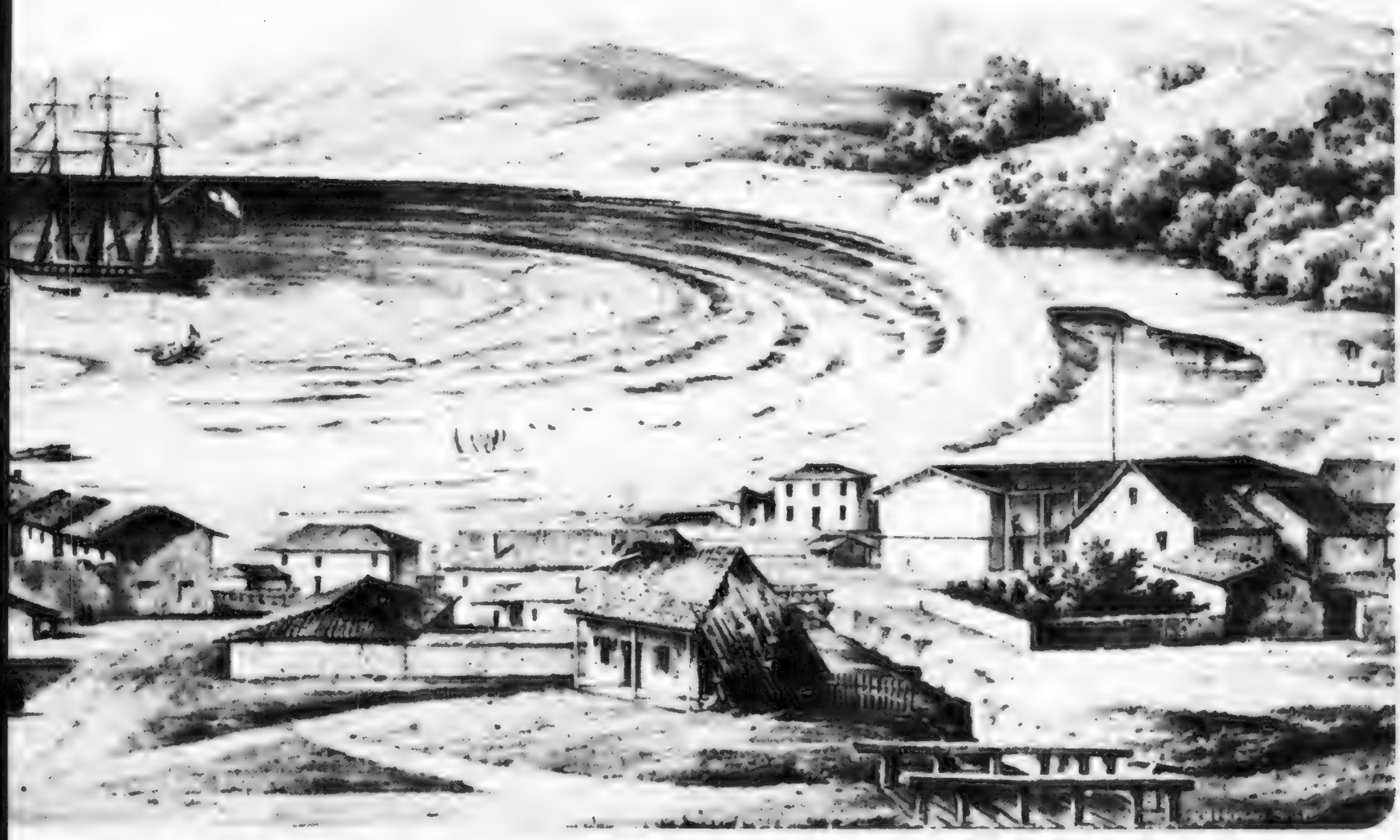
by Augusta Fink

ON THE LONG STRETCH OF COAST between San Francisco and Los Angeles, cupped in a corner of Monterey Bay, lies a city important in early California history. Before either of California's major metropolises was born, Monterey was the capital. Today the rich ambience of its past is still palpably present.

A walk along streets that twist and turn, patterned after the dusty lanes of years gone by, leads to more than thirty buildings over a century old. Built of the earth and cemented by rays of the sun, their clean, uncomplicated adobe architecture evokes the presence of a people, proud and self-reliant, whose life-style epitomized the enjoyment of simple things. Old gardens enclosed by high adobe walls, secluded courtyards, graceful balconies, all conjure the romance and reality of a distant era. Moreover, each building, meticulously restored and preserved, harbors the pageant of California history as reflected in the story of the people who inhabited it.

On June 3, 1770, Spanish explorer Gaspar de Portolá assembled his party around a mighty oak close to the shore at Monterey and took formal possession of the land for Spain. The redoubtable Franciscan leader Father Junípero Serra chanted the high Catholic mass and laid plans for the second of California missions. Monterey would be an important post for both secular and religious administration in the golden land of the Californias from 1770 until the close of the Spanish and Mexican periods in 1846. As the center of government, Monterey was a military and civil outpost in Spain's weak and neglected system for maintaining control of this land coveted by numerous other

COLLECTION OF THE OAKLAND MUSEUM



THE ROMANCE OF CALIFORNIA'S FIRST CAPITAL AS REVEALED THROUGH ITS HISTORIC ADOBES

More than thirty, century-old adobes—including nearly a dozen buildings shown in the 1842 scene above—stand today as proud reminders of the Spanish heritage of Monterey, California. Two-storied Larkin House, dominating Calle Principal at the left side of the picture, still survives and is treasured for its role in pioneering a distinctive Monterey style of architecture. (Ships of the U.S. Pacific Fleet stand offshore in this view, which depicts the town during its seizure by Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones. For the story of this episode in California history, *turn to page 30.)*

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powers. Father Serra founded the mission at Carmel near Monterey and made it his headquarters for *Alta* ("Upper") California.

Among the first families to live in the isolated *presidio* of Monterey were those whose names would illuminate the development of California for eighty years. The history of Monterey adobes is likewise a history of its first families. A listing of the beautiful and confusing Spanish surnames connected with the historical adobes reveals that in almost every case, the names are part of the lineage of two families who shared the early days of Monterey—the Alvarados and the Vallejos. The first Alvarado in Monterey was Juan Bautista Alvarado who came as a *soldado de cuera* ("leather-jacket soldier") with Portolá when he claimed the land for Spain in 1770. Four years later, Ignacio Vicente Ferrer Vallejo arrived in Monterey as part of the military guard for the first contingent of settlers.

Living facilities in the *presidio* were exceedingly primitive. Before long, more than fifty buildings were crowded inside the walled-in quadrangle, an area 300 yards long

PHOTOGRAPHS BOTH PAGES BY MORLEY BAER, FROM "ADOBES IN THE SUN" BY MORLEY BAER AND AUGUSTA FINK (1972)

Monterey's Cooper Adobe, begun during the 1830s, reflects the prosperity and gracious life-style of sea captain John Rogers Cooper. A million-dollar restoration of the historic site will be completed in 1981.

and 250 yards wide. Though the church and officers' quarters were of adobe, the rest of the buildings were of pole-and-mud construction with sod roofs. During the rainy season, ribbons of earth oozed down their sides, and the plaza became a quagmire. Dampness and congestion, along with lack of sanitation, took a frightening toll both in lives and morale.

TO THIS FORLORN OUTPOST in 1791, Ignacio Vallejo brought his bride. The lovely María Antonia was only fourteen, twenty-nine years her husband's junior. By 1809, they had nine children, the youngest being Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, destined to be commanding general of the northern frontier. Living nearby in the *presidio* was their second eldest daughter, Josefa María, newly married to José Francisco Alvarado, son of Portolá's *soldado de cuera*. That year she gave birth to California's future governor and lost her husband to an endemic pestilence.

In addition to deplorable living conditions, Monterey's early inhabitants suffered from a serious dearth of supplies, caused by the indifference of Spanish colonial administrators, as well as the constant threat of attack by privateers. For some time, Argentinean revolutionaries had been harassing the ports of South America, and Monterey was expected to be an early target. Stationed at the fort, located across the mesa to the west of the *presidio*, was a garrison of twenty-four cavalrymen, and below them on the landing beach were eleven artillerymen to serve three guns. With such a paltry defense, it is small wonder that settlers did not risk building homes outside the *presidio* walls.

Manuel Boronda, a retired corporal and great favorite of Father Serra, was one of a half-dozen hardy souls to take that risk. In 1817 he requested a parcel of land from the governor and constructed an adobe, consisting of three little rooms. Rough-hewn beams supported a tule roof fastened with leather thongs. Rawhide coverings hung over openings that served as windows and door. A lean-to provided shelter for the preparation of food. Still the Boronda family found their new home luxurious compared to facilities within the *presidio*.

Less than a year after the Boronda adobe was completed, the dreaded attack by privateers occurred. Hippolyte de Bouchard arrived with 360 men on two vessels flying the flag of Buenos Aires. The small company at the fort put up a spirited fight, as did those on the beach. But they were soon outnumbered and forced to retreat to an inland valley, where the rest of the populace had been evacuated at first sight of the ships.

A week of looting and burning ensued. When Bouchard's vandals left, most of the buildings were severely damaged. The Boronda adobe had to be rebuilt. Today it still stands, a private dwelling, carefully preserved and enlarged.

Built by an early governor, thick-walled, single-story Casa Alvarado is typical of the architecture of early nineteenth-century Monterey. It still serves as a private residence.

By the end of the 1820s, a few white-walled adobes were scattered over the grassy plain between the *presidio* and the fort. Possibly the most imposing was the residence of former Ensign José Mariano Estrada. It occupied an extensive square, an inviting one-story building with tile roof, whose adobe walls were plastered and whitewashed.

José Mariano Estrada was a youth of twenty-two when he and his brother, José Raimundo, came to Monterey in 1806, as protégés of the governor. Both were enlisted in the military, the younger Raimundo as a cadet. The favor of the governor, combined with marriage to a daughter of the distinguished Arguello family, resulted in Mariano's rapid rise to a position of prominence. Meanwhile his brother's career followed a more modest path. In 1812 Raimundo took the widowed Josefa María Vallejo de Alvarado as his wife, and they continued to live in the *presidio*.

No existing record indicates when the elderly Ignacio Vallejo built his adobe that was situated high on a hill overlooking the bay. But it is known that Josefa's son, Juan Bautista Alvarado, was raised there by his grandparents. The hard-bitten *Don* Ignacio was a harsh disciplinarian, and frequently, as punishment for small transgressions, the child was forced to eat his meals kneeling before a stool in a corner.

In addition to the construction of dwellings outside the *presidio*, the 1820s brought other significant changes to the capital of California. Mexico gained independence from Spain, and the new government opened the port of Monterey to foreign trade. Starved for supplies, the townspeople welcomed the first ships to bring cargoes of goods they had long been denied. Eager entrepreneurs quickly took advantage of the virgin market.

JOINING THIS COMMERCIAL COMPETITION in 1823 was John Rogers Cooper, the man who came to symbolize the confluence of Mexican and American strands in Monterey history. Born on Alderney Island in the English Channel, Cooper was brought to Massachusetts as a boy by his widowed mother. There she met and married Thomas Oliver Larkin. Their first child, a son of the same name, was destined to play a crucial role in the American annexation of California.

By the time Cooper was twenty-four, he had served ten years as a seaman and was an American citizen. A sandy-haired little man—only five feet, five inches tall—he had a withered left arm, the nerves of his hand having been contracted by an injury in his youth. After several mercantile expeditions to the Orient, he became part owner of the schooner *Rover* and sailed from Boston, bound for California, with a bulging cargo. Included on the ship's manifest were the following items: three thousand feet of lumber and two boxes of hardware; two trunks of shoes,

PHOTOGRAPHS BOTH PAGES BY MORLEY BAER, FROM "ADOBES IN THE SUN" BY MORLEY BAER AND AUGUSTA FINK (1972)

A blend of New England, Southern, and Spanish elements, the gracious home of U.S. Consul Thomas Oliver Larkin introduced the popular Monterey style of architecture, becoming the social center of Monterey.

two boxes of bonnets, and ten bales of cloth; two boxes of soap and two baskets of crockery; four tubs of molasses, eighty cases of gin, thirteen casks of brandy, and fourteen barrels of rum. With such a tempting array of merchandise, Cooper was assured of a warm welcome.

Within five years after his arrival, Cooper established a flourishing business, became a Mexican citizen, and was baptized as "Juan Bautista" in the Catholic church. Also, he was granted a large town lot on what is now the south end of Alvarado Street. Most important of the moves he made to establish himself in the community was his marriage to Encarnacion Vallejo, *Don* Ignacio's eighteen-year-old daughter. This not only brought Cooper useful political and business connections, but it made him a member of one of California's first families.

The question is what did the "beautiful and witty" Encarnacion see in Cooper. A short, chunky man with a crippled arm could not have compared favorably with the dashing gentlemen who must have been her suitors. Her choice may well have been based on practical considerations. Cooper was industrious, respected, and successful. Moreover, he was of pure European stock, then a significant point in a land where the majority of inhabitants were not. On the more romantic side, he had the appeal of a world traveler who could tell fascinating stories of faraway places. And he had blue eyes—this alone was a great attraction for California women.

In 1832 Cooper built a long, one-story adobe on his Monterey property, a home for his wife and children. *Doña* Encarnacion was well pleased with its setting. Soon, both her elder sister, Prudenciana, and her nephew, Juan Bautista Alvarado, were living only a few yards away. Prudenciana Vallejo, married to José Amesti, presided over Casa Amesti.

The twenty-five-year-old Juan Bautista Alvarado had already attained political prominence. Fair-haired and good-looking, he was possessed of much practical ability as well as charisma. A great favorite among the young *Californios*, who resented being governed by officials appointed in Mexico, he took the lead in a movement to make California an independent state. His single evident weakness was a fondness for drink. But being a close relative and friend of the prestigious Mariano Vallejo, then commander of California's northern outpost at Sonoma, Alvarado was protected from scandalmongers.

Apparently his family also condoned such peccadillos as the keeping of a mistress. She resided in a small adobe he had built near the home of his grandmother, *Doña* Antonia Vallejo. The beautiful young woman bore him at least three children. In 1835 Alvarado constructed a large adobe across from the Cooper house, as a residence befitting his position. The following year he was chosen governor of a quasi-independent California.

While Alvarado's political star was rising, Juan Bautista

Dating in part from 1827, the Custom House was the focal point for eagerly sought imports to the Monterey region. Here, in July 1846, the U.S. flag was first officially raised in American California.

Cooper forged ahead with a multitude of business enterprises. He purchased a 6,916-acre *rancho*, began an operation to cut and sell timber, and invested $10,000 in a sawmill on a remote tract of land in the Sonoma area. In 1833 he persuaded his half-brother in the eastern United States, Thomas Oliver Larkin, to join him in California.

LARKIN WAS THIRTY-ONE when he arrived in Monterey. An astute and experienced businessman, he swiftly appraised the capital's potential for commercial development. About thirty buildings, dotted around in an irregular pattern comprised the town. There were no streets, but paths widened by the wheels of oxcarts had a semblance of lanes. The houses had a bandaged look, their south sides dressed with boards and brush to keep out the rain. None had chimneys, as there were no fireplaces, and cooking was done in tiny separate buildings. But inside the crude adobes with their hard-packed dirt floors, the women wore silk gowns and spangled satin shoes.

The enterprising New Englander concluded that Californians were a naive, childlike people. They bought bad wine made in Boston while their country abounded in grapes. They bartered hides valued at two dollars for articles worth seventy-five cents. And they purchased boots at four dollars made of these same hides, carried twice around the Horn. Moreover, a dozen Englishmen and Americans held a monopoly of the market. He knew he could cut in on this lucrative game.

Setting up shop, he cornered his share of business by importing gaudy merchandise and sparkling trinkets that appealed to the native love of color. Then he devised a highly original scheme to bolster his financial position. It was customary for Monterey merchants to extend credit to the leading families of the area. Often these open-accounts ran for years. Gradually, Larkin acquired those that were delinquent, making his store a clearinghouse for the notes and drafts of other traders. When he eventually collected hides in payment from the debtors, he levied a substantial service charge.

Unlike his half-brother and other Yankees who had aspirations to affluence, Larkin saw no need to marry a native daughter in order to establish himself. En route from Boston, he had found a congenial companion in Rachel Holmes, an attractive woman on her way to Hawaii to join her husband. When the ship anchored in Hilo harbor, it was learned that Mrs. Holmes had been widowed several weeks before her arrival. The following autumn, the slender, fair-haired Rachel came to Monterey to become Larkin's bride.

In 1835 Larkin acquired a town lot on Calle Principal, close to the Cooper residence, and began construction of the house that would introduce a new style of architecture to Monterey. Two-stories high, with an interior staircase

MORLEY BAER

In historic Colton Hall, delegates drew up California's first constitution in 1849. The imposing stone building also housed the first jury, the first newspaper, and the first public school in American California.

and hipped roof covered with shingles, its design followed the building traditions of New England. However, the balconies (built to protect the walls from water erosion) constituted an architectural element borrowed from the southern plantation. All the amenities lacking in California were included: two fireplaces, plank flooring, wallpaper, milled doors, and small-paneled, double-sash windows. Three years in building, the house was the talk of the town, resembling its neighbors only in the adobe brick used for its construction. As Monterey's residents became increasingly prosperous, many wealthy merchants would emulate the Larkin style, either by building new homes or enlarging existing structures. Both the Casa Amesti and the Cooper adobe became elegant, two-story residences.

Larkin's influence was not confined to financial manipulations and architectural innovations. He assumed the role of foremost advocate of peaceable American annexation. The chaotic political situation provided a perfect climate for his subtle maneuvers.

By the early 1840s, public and private pressures had transformed the ebullient Governor Alvarado into a prematurely middle-aged alcoholic. His administration was strapped by inadequate revenues; many of his former supporters had turned against him; he had made a loveless marriage; and he was estranged from his powerful friend, Mariano Vallejo.

Vallejo felt great concern about the inadequate military defense of the province and petitioned the Mexican government to replace Alvarado with a new governor, accompanied by a contingent of well-trained troops. In 1842 Brigadier General Manuel Micheltorena arrived. His 300 mestizos were more brigands than soldiers. Unpopular from the start, he was the last governor sent by Mexico. War clouds were gathering on the horizon.

THE SEIZURE OF MONTEREY in 1842 by United States Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones and his men was an embarrassing mistake, for which the commodore apologized. (See article beginning on page 30.) But American warships continued to patrol Pacific waters. Moreover, the infiltration of American immigrants was increased by a new tide of settlers, flowing into California across the Sierra Nevada. President James Polk, an ardent expansionist, cast a covetous eye on the distant Mexican territory. He offered to purchase California and New Mexico, but also sent secret despatches to Larkin, who had been appointed United States consul in California. Larkin was instructed to be "discreet, cautious, and sleepless." He was told to warn the people of California against British and French aggression, and to encourage them to form a separate nation. He was instructed to promise them that once this should be accomplished, they could look forward to annexation.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MORLEY BAER, FROM "ADOBES IN THE SUN" BY MORLEY BAER AND AUGUSTA FINK (1972)

The thick earthen walls of Monterey's old homes and public buildings enclose reminders of a slower, more tranquil era—as reflected here in the simple furniture and implements of a kitchen in the Stevenson House.

Suave salesman that he was, Larkin carried out his assignment with aplomb, despite the disruptive activities of John C. Frémont, a young officer in the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers who abetted the abortive Bear Flag Revolt. Fortunately, the American consul had the support of the commanding general, Mariano Vallejo, who wholeheartedly believed that California should detach itself from Mexico and request admission to the United States. Meanwhile, business was booming in Monterey. Foreign warships anchored in the harbor and made heavy purchases of supplies, while cash flowed freely from the pockets of sailors on shore leave. Out of his considerable monetary gains, Larkin contributed to civic improvements, including reconstruction and enlargement of the dilapidated Custom House, first erected in 1827.

In 1846, all plans for voluntary annexation came to an abrupt end, as a blood-letting incident over the Texas boundary precipitated the Mexican-American War. On July seventh of that year, 250 marines and seamen, under the command of Commodore John Drake Sloat, landed at Monterey and marched to the Custom House. There the commodore's proclamation was read in both Spanish and English to a crowd of tight-lipped citizens: "I declare to the inhabitants of California that, although I come in arms with a powerful force, I do not come among them as an enemy to California; on the contrary, I come as their best friend, as henceforth California will be a portion of the United States, and its peaceful inhabitants will enjoy the same rights and privileges they now enjoy."

To the thunder of a twenty-one gun salute, the American flag was raised. Then the troops, accompanied by the martial music of a brass band, marched across town and took possession of the government offices at El Cuartel. The day ended with a splendid dinner aboard the flagship *Savannah*, attended by Consul Larkin as guest of honor.

After the initial shock wore off, most of the populace accepted the Yankees as likeable and permanent guests. Many private adobes were thrown open to entertain officers of the fleet, and *señoritas* surreptitiously flirted with the handsome marines. Naturally, the Larkin house became a center of official and social activity.

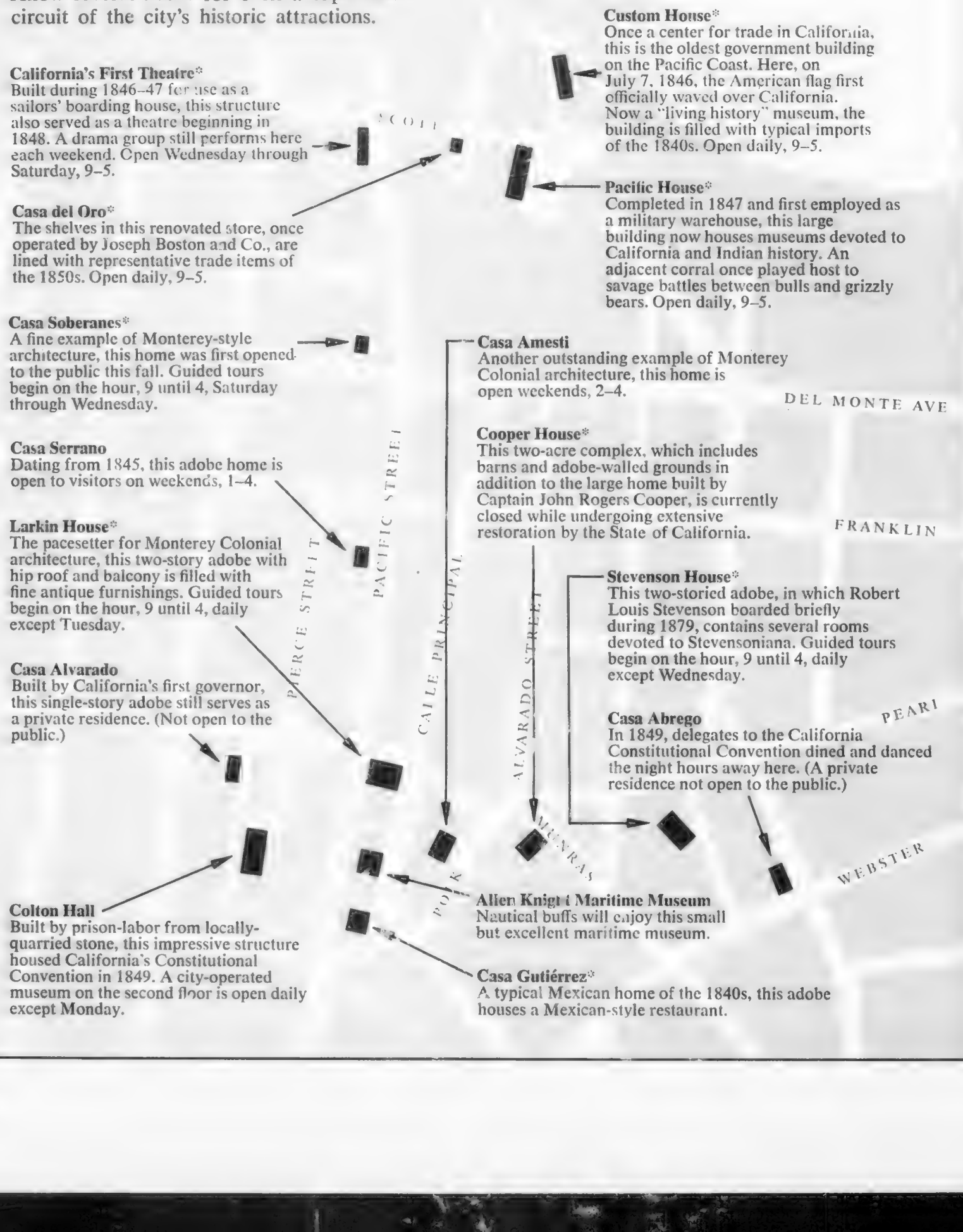
The military government appointed the Reverend Walter Colton, chaplain of the fleet and former professor and newspaper editor in the East, as first American mayor of Monterey. Personable and intelligent, Colton contributed immeasurably to the even temper of affairs during his three-year term as mayor. But his most enduring achievement was the construction of a town hall.

The commodious, two-story building, named Colton Hall, was erected by prison labor at practically no cost. Built of white stone quarried from a nearby hill, it housed schoolrooms on its lower floor and a large hall for public assemblies above. Here, on September 1, 1849, California's constitutional convention convened.

WALKING THROUGH HISTORY IN OLD MONTEREY

Monterey's thirty-plus nineteenth-century homes and public buildings provide a rich lode for the history-seeking visitor. A map showing most of the sites described in this article appears below. The historic Custom House, located on the waterfront, is a good starting point for a walking tour. Allow several hours for even a superficial circuit of the city's historic attractions.

(Sites identified below by an asterisk * are part of Monterey State Historic Park. A single admission fee—50¢ for adults and 25¢ for children over five and senior citizens—admits the visitor to all of the buildings administered by the Park.)



California's First Theatre*
Built during 1846–47 for use as a sailors' boarding house, this structure also served as a theatre beginning in 1848. A drama group still performs here each weekend. Open Wednesday through Saturday, 9–5.

Casa del Oro*
The shelves in this renovated store, once operated by Joseph Boston and Co., are lined with representative trade items of the 1850s. Open daily, 9–5.

Casa Soberanes*
A fine example of Monterey-style architecture, this home was first opened to the public this fall. Guided tours begin on the hour, 9 until 4, Saturday through Wednesday.

Casa Serrano
Dating from 1845, this adobe home is open to visitors on weekends, 1–4.

Larkin House*
The pacesetter for Monterey Colonial architecture, this two-story adobe with hip roof and balcony is filled with fine antique furnishings. Guided tours begin on the hour, 9 until 4, daily except Tuesday.

Casa Alvarado
Built by California's first governor, this single-story adobe still serves as a private residence. (Not open to the public.)

Colton Hall
Built by prison-labor from locally-quarried stone, this impressive structure housed California's Constitutional Convention in 1849. A city-operated museum on the second floor is open daily except Monday.

Custom House*
Once a center for trade in California, this is the oldest government building on the Pacific Coast. Here, on July 7, 1846, the American flag first officially waved over California. Now a "living history" museum, the building is filled with typical imports of the 1840s. Open daily, 9–5.

Pacific House*
Completed in 1847 and first employed as a military warehouse, this large building now houses museums devoted to California and Indian history. An adjacent corral once played host to savage battles between bulls and grizzly bears. Open daily, 9–5.

Casa Amesti
Another outstanding example of Monterey Colonial architecture, this home is open weekends, 2–4.

Cooper House*
This two-acre complex, which includes barns and adobe-walled grounds in addition to the large home built by Captain John Rogers Cooper, is currently closed while undergoing extensive restoration by the State of California.

Stevenson House*
This two-storied adobe, in which Robert Louis Stevenson boarded briefly during 1879, contains several rooms devoted to Stevensoniana. Guided tours begin on the hour, 9 until 4, daily except Wednesday.

Casa Abrego
In 1849, delegates to the California Constitutional Convention dined and danced the night hours away here. (A private residence not open to the public.)

Allen Knight Maritime Museum
Nautical buffs will enjoy this small but excellent maritime museum.

Casa Gutiérrez*
A typical Mexican home of the 1840s, this adobe houses a Mexican-style restaurant.

SINCE THE U.S. CONGRESS was tardy in deciding California's political status after the close of the Mexican-American War, Californians took the initiative and embarked on the road to statehood by assembling a constitutional convention. It was a dramatic occasion. Forty-eight delegates were gathered from the length and breadth of California. Robert Semple, the rugged, seven-foot tall frontiersman from Sonoma, was elected president. Despite his simplicity and lack of polish, he made a good chairman. Four long tables had been installed. At one of them, the eight delegates who were native *Californios* sat in a group with their interpreter, William Hartnell. The pioneer entrepreneur was one of the best loved and respected men in California. Immediately to his right sat the dignified *Don* Mariano Vallejo, self-styled "foremost friend of the Americans," elegantly attired in the embroidered clothes of his heritage.

It is remarkable that the delegates, with such varied background, experience, and orientation were able to hammer out successfully a state constitution. Undoubtedly many issues were settled outside the convention hall. Delegates were entertained in the homes of prominent citizens. Thomas Larkin was a generous host. In addition to giving elaborate affairs, he made it a point to have at least one delegate come to lunch and another to dinner every day.

Liveliest entertainment was enjoyed at the Casa Abrego, where the lovely *Doña* María Josefa Estrada de Abrego, half-sister of ex-Governor Alvarado, presided. Married to *Don* José Abrego, a prosperous merchant, she had a luxurious home that included a spacious ballroom as well as a parlor, graced by one of the three pianos in all of California. The prized possession, imported at a cost of six hundred dollars, contributed to many an evening of relaxation for the delegates as they danced the quadrille and the polka.

After six weeks of intensive effort, the convention's work was accomplished. On October twelfth, the assembly hall was cleared and decorated for a gala ball, celebrating the close of the convention. Fragrant boughs of pine adorned the walls, and the glow of many candles shone from the simple chandeliers. At eight o'clock, the guests began to gather. It was a night to remember.

Beautiful *señoritas*, in rainbow-hued satins and silks, made whirling ribbons of radiance amidst the more somber garb of the Americans. Gentlemen in full dress, with gleaming white kid gloves, mingled with miners who had hastily assembled what finery they could. Yankees and *Californios*, conquerors and conquered, they danced in gay camaraderie until well past three o'clock in the morning.

A few hours later, the delegates reassembled for the signing of the constitution. In the background could be heard the roar of cannon, as gun followed gun in thundering succession. When the thirty-first shot was fired, prematurely proclaiming a new state, a glad cry rang out—"That's for California!"

Soon Monterey would celebrate its eightieth birthday. It had witnessed many stirring events since Spain sent the first settlers to its isolated shores. But this had been its finest hour.

Following the constitutional convention, quiet settled over Monterey like a swiftly lowered curtain. The halcyon days of political prestige and commercial expansion were over. Henceforth San Francisco would be the lodestone for men eager to cash in on the boom of the gold rush. And when the first state legislature met, in December 1849, it was in San Jose.

Though Monterey is no longer capital of California, its historic past can still be experienced through the living presence of its adobes. The majority of these venerable buildings are privately owned, and almost all of them were restored and preserved by individuals or groups dedicated to keeping Monterey's heritage intact for future generations. Eight of the adobes are presently the property of the State of California and comprise the Monterey State Historic Park, established in 1929 as part of the California Park System. In addition, the concentration of architecturally and historically significant buildings in Monterey has been given national recognition; under provisions of the Historic Preservation Act of 1966, two historic districts have been included on the "National Register of Historic Places."

THE ADOBES IN THE NORTHERN DISTRICT, close to the harbor, center around the Custom House. Most were built in the 1840s and were used for commercial purposes, reflecting the period when Monterey was a thriving seaport. Both the Pacific House and the Casa del Oro were built on land owned by Thomas Larkin. The *casa* was purchased by José Abrego, who leased it as a general store to Joseph Boston. One of Boston's clerks was David Jacks, a Scotsman who came to Monterey in 1850 and nine years later had acquired all the city lands of Monterey at auction, some 30,000 acres for little more than $1,000. Jacks eventually included the Boston Store, as well as the Pacific House, among his numerous properties; his heirs restored the buildings and deeded them to the state.

The southern district consists of an island of some sixteen adobes in which the Larkin House and the Cooper adobe form pivotal points. The Larkin property passed out of family ownership temporarily at the turn of the century, but was purchased in 1922 by a granddaughter of Thomas Larkin. Mrs. Alice Larkin Toulmin renovated the historic adobe, furnishing it with many fine pieces that had belonged to her grandfather, and in 1957 she deeded it to the state.

A couple of blocks up the hill from the Larkin House, is the Casa Alvarado. The little adobe where Governor Alvarado spent some of his happiest hours is still a private

Continued on page 57

PORTRAIT FOR A WESTERN ALBUM

by Brian McGinty

THE OLD HOUSE stood on the east side of Alvarado Street, about midway between the Custom House and the plaza. It was separated from the street by a thick wall pierced by a wooden gate and an overgrown garden of trees and vines. It was a handsome house, in the plain, old Monterey style, with thick adobe walls, whitewashed doors, a broad roof, and a slender chimney. But it was not the house itself that attracted attention so much as the gnarled rose that clambered over the arbor in the garden, and the old woman who secluded herself in the shadowy heart of the *casa*, away from the inquiring gaze of passers-by.

María Ignacia Bonifacio (Nachita to her intimates) was nearly as old as the house she inhabited. Her Italian-born father had died in 1834, and she had been raised by her Californian mother in the genteel traditions of her Spanish forebears. She became a belle of the town, a slender girl, with wide, brown eyes, black hair, and a shy, almost wistful smile. She cannot have been more than sixteen when the *gringos* came to Monterey and the Stars and Stripes were run up over the Custom House, a year older when a trio of young West Pointers arrived to help establish a government for the new American territory of California.

Lt. William Tecumseh Sherman was the most dashing of the *Americanos*. Twenty-seven years old, tall and slim, with regular features, sandy red hair, and piercing blue eyes, he was handsomer than Lt. Henry Halleck, more amiable than Lt. Edward Ord. He slept in a one-room adobe on *Calle Principal*, but spent much of his time in the houses of the local families—dining heartily on *frijoles* and peppers, dancing with all the *señoritas*. In a little town like Monterey, it was inevitable that Sherman should make the acquaintance of Nachita Bonifacio. Before coming to California, he had pledged his affections to a girl in Lancaster, Ohio, but Ohio was far away from Monterey, and Sherman's tour of duty was longer than he had expected.

Nachita was a pretty girl, and talented. She sang; she plucked the strings of a wooden harp with long, slender fingers; she worked dutifully in her garden; and, at her sewing table above Alvarado Street, she drew lace—exquisitely delicate filmwork that the *doñas* of the town liked to wrap around their heads before they went to mass.

The year of 1847 passed quickly, then 1848, and 1849. Lieutenant Sherman received orders to return to the East. Nachita remained behind in Monterey with her harp, a camphorwood chest filled with gowns and slippers, and a garden full of memories. A great rose was now clambering over the arbor that sheltered the door of the Bonifacio house. It was a robust Cloth of Gold vine, with blossoms as rich and yellow as the gold in California's hills.

Monterey was far away from the battlefields of Shiloh and Vicksburg, but there was not a man or a woman in the town in the early 1860s who did not know of Lieutenant Sherman's daring exploits in the Civil War, of his rapid rise to the rank of general, of his bloody march to the sea through Georgia, and of his oft-quoted epithet, "War is hell."

The years passed by, and clumps of tourists began to gather in the street before the Bonifacio adobe on Alvarado Street. Some stole into the garden to snatch blossoms from the rambling rose; others whispered reverently when they saw the veiled face of the *señorita* peering from behind a second-story window. Newspapers in San Francisco sent writers to Monterey, and soon the whole world knew the story of the "Sherman Rose":

The great Cloth of Gold rose that now covered the arbor on Alvarado Street had been planted by William Sherman and María Ignacia Bonifacio soon after the American conquest, when they pledged each other their love. He had promised to return to Monterey and marry her "before the rose blooms." He did write her letters, but he did not return. The war came. Nachita learned that Sherman had married another. He had forgotten his vow—she had not. Alone in her shadowy *casa*, she spurned all offers of marriage.

Tourists with more curiosity than tact pressed the *señorita* for details of her romance. Was it true that she and Sherman had been engaged? Was the "Sherman Rose" living proof of their romance? Nachita denied the story, but many thought her denials lacked conviction. A controversy brewed. Nachita had known Sherman, some old Montereyans said, but only casually. Even if she had pledged him her love, she would not have pined away in loneliness years after he spurned her. She was too proud for that. The story was, of course, illogical. But love itself is illogical. The "Sherman Rose" would not die.

Before her death at the age of eighty-six, Nachita gave specific instructions for her burial. A few of her most cherished possessions were to be laid in the coffin beside her—her portrait, painted in oil by a Spanish artist when she was sixteen, a silk dress, a sword, a packet of letters tightly bound with a faded ribbon. Those who sealed her coffin could see that the letters were written in a strong, masculine hand, and that they had been mailed from various locations in the East. But none was so bold as to attempt to read them. In January of 1916 the mortal remains of María Ignacia Bonifacio were interred in the old Catholic cemetery in Monterey, and the secret of the "Sherman Rose" was buried with them. **AW**

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PHOTOGRAPH BY J. K. OLIVER, CIRCA 1900 THE PAT HATHAWAY COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPHS, PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA

COMMODORE JONES

AND HIS PRIVATE WAR WITH MEXICO

by Robert J. Hanks

ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, 7 September 1842, the 44-gun frigate *United States* hoisted anchor and, followed by the bulk of the U.S. Pacific Squadron, stood to sea. In the light breezes of that pleasant day, the Peruvian port of Callao slipped astern, but it disappeared much more slowly than an anxious Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones—Commander of the Squadron—would have liked. Jones believed that war had erupted between the United States and Mexico and that he was caught up in a desperate race to claim both halves of Mexican-owned California for the United States before the British could press their claim. Given the evidence available to him, the fiery Commodore had adequate reasons for his anxiety.

In the eastern Pacific Ocean, international tensions had been building for some time. Mexico and the United States were at loggerheads over Texas; Washington and London wrangled over title to the Oregon Country; the French navy had recently grabbed the Marquesas Islands, and Paris was busily proclaiming a protectorate over the Society Islands. Finally, the United States harbored intense suspicions of English intentions with respect to the entire Pacific coast of North America.

All of this was known to the Commodore on 2 November 1841 when he broke his broad command pennant in the *United States* (the "Old Wagon"), riding to her anchor off Norfolk, Virginia. But once in the Pacific, Jones found his task complicated by one of the most critical shortcomings of those long ago days, the absence of timely communications with Washington. In late 1842, for example, the Commodore had received no new instructions from his superiors since sailing from Hampton Roads some nine months earlier. He was, therefore, completely on his own when, in early September 1842, a fast-breaking series of events convinced him that certain American national interests were in jeopardy. And the fiercely patriotic Commodore was certainly not one to shirk his assigned responsibilities as he saw them.

Jones had first sensed that something might be afoot during the week of 29 August. Three British men-o'-war then lay in the harbor at Callao, one of them—H.M.S. *Dublin*—wearing the flag of Rear Admiral Richard Thomas. At this point, however, Jones remained unconcerned inasmuch as the British presence in Callao was altogether routine, and the Royal Navy had never made any attempt to conceal its movements. Moreover, Thomas had tendered Jones an invitation to dinner aboard *Dublin* for the following Friday. Shortly before that evening's event, seeds of disquiet began to infiltrate Jones's mind when two of the British warships, the frigates *Champion* and *Carrysfort*, with extra provisions on board,

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY MUSEUM, ANNAPOLIS

suddenly sailed under sealed orders.

Suspicion about English intentions came easily to the Commodore. The fifty-two year old Jones still carried an English musket ball in his shattered left shoulder, a ball caught near New Orleans during the Battle of Lake Borgne in the War of 1812. There, a British fleet decisively defeated the young lieutenant's tiny flotilla of Jeffersonian gunboats, very nearly killing him in the process. As a result, the stormy Commodore (constantly stooped ever since) suffered almost continuously from a painful and partially useless shoulder and harbored a good deal of dislike for all things English. Thus, as he sat in his cabin in Callao harbor, his stern face reflecting distrust, he was quick to assume that wherever those frigates might be bound, they were most probably up to no good as far as the United States was concerned.

Over the weekend, several additional developments tumbled one upon the other, each adding to a growing unease in the "Old Wagon's" flag cabin. First, a hide ship arrived from Valparaiso, apparently carrying despatches that Admiral Thomas had been expecting. The same evening, *Dublin* quietly and inexplicably slipped to sea. And Jones discovered alarming news in his own mail, brought by the same hide carrier.

First, there was a letter from the American consul in Mazatlan, Mexico—John Parrott. Dated 22 June 1842, it forwarded the 4 June issue of a newspaper—*El Cosmopolito*, containing the text of a letter that Mexico's foreign minister had addressed to the United States minister to the government of Santa Ana, Waddy Thompson. Protesting American actions in Texas, the letter was so offensive and so demanding that Parrott concluded it would lead to Thompson's immediate recall and, quite probably, to war.

Upon reading the newspaper account, Jones inevitably came to the same conclusion. As he saw it, Foreign Minister Jose Maria de Bocanegra's letter, ultimately addressed to American Secretary of State Daniel Webster, demanded no less than the muzzling of the American press, suppression of public gatherings, and cessation of immigration to Texas, Mexico never having relinquished her claim to the self-proclaimed republic. The patriotic American Commodore was certain his country would never countenance such a blatant affront to its "national honor."

In the same mail, Jones discovered a second newspaper that brought yet another bit of the confirmatory information he sought. It was a Boston journal, reprinting a report from the New Orleans *Advertizer* of 19 April 1842. The article asserted that Mexico had secretly ceded the whole of Alta (Upper) California to Great Britain for seven million dollars. At this point, the significance of the dates becomes evident.

Here was Commodore Jones at Callao, Peru, in the opening days of September 1842, forced to rely for his guidance on newspaper reports, one of them a foreign journal published three months previously, and another, a secondhand American press account of an even earlier date. All of this materialized in the complete absence of any instructions or warnings from the United States government. The problems that inadequate communications generated for deployed American naval commanders could be no more starkly revealed.

THROWN BACK ON HIS OWN DEVICES, Commodore Jones turned to the only sources available for confirmation of his preliminary judgment. First, sitting down in his cabin on board the flagship, he consulted those international law publications he possessed. Based on his readings therein, Jones decided that given the content of Bocanegra's intemperate letter, the tirade could only be termed a "conditional declaration of war." Before acting, however, Jones sought corroboration from the American consul in Lima, J. C. Pickett. After consultations, the consul fully agreed with the Commodore's assessment and with the plan of action Jones described to him.

In view of all the available evidence, the Commodore saw his first duty as preventing the British from grabbing Alta California. Moreover, since Jones was a firm advocate of Manifest Destiny, he believed that all of California must eventually become part of the United States. Given his conviction that war had broken out, it was but a short step in logic to conclude that the best way of serving his country's interests would be to sail forthwith to the region and lay claim to the land in the name of the United States. Certain that Admiral Thomas had hastily departed to turn the reported cession into an accomplished fact, Commodore Jones saw his duty with crystal clarity, and he was determined to discharge it. With Pickett's strong endorsement, Jones headed back to Callao and put to sea shortly after arriving.

Catching a light breeze and pitching gently in the long Pacific swell, the squadron laid course for the Californias. In company with his flagship, Jones had the 20-gun sloop *Cyane*, captained by Commander C. K. Stribling, and the 16-gun sloop *Dale*, skippered by Commander Thomas A. Dornin. The rest of the squadron remained behind, since the sloop *Yorktown* was then cruising off to the south, and the supply-ships *Shark* and *Relief* were too slow to keep up with the pace Jones intended to set. The sailing of the British ships—piecemeal though it had been—gave Thomas a sizable head start, and Jones did not want any impediments to the quickest possible passage to Monterey, the capital of Mexican California.

Shortly after departure and some fifty miles southwest of Callao, Jones hove the squadron to and summoned all three skippers to his cabin. There he handed them a letter setting forth the facts as he knew them, along with his interpretation. Then, he posed two questions designed to elicit their opinions and advice "as to the employment of

[this] small naval force . . . so as to best promote the interests and preserve the honor of the United States." Captain James Armstrong of the frigate and the two sloop commanders consulted before composing a reply to Jones stating, in effect, that the fact of war was sufficiently persuasive to justify taking the bulk of the squadron north to forestall any British action. Curiously, they cited the Monroe Doctrine as justification for doing whatever might be necessary to keep the Californias out of English hands. With this final confirmation, all doubt departed the flag cabin on the "Old Wagon" and, from that point on, there would be no turning back. Bending on all canvas, the ships once more headed for Monterey Bay.

Before crossing the equator, the Commodore settled his spare frame into a chair at the cabin table and composed a long report to Secretary of the Navy A. P. Upshur, noting the reasons for his departure from Callao. Jones then set forth his intentions, concluding the letter by reminding the secretary that Jones was "without instructions or the slightest intimation of [Upshur's] views and wishes, upon what I consider a vital question to the United States—the occupation of the Californias by Great Britain under a secret treaty with Mexico." On 13 September, the little fleet, now about 250 miles south of the Galápagos Islands, hove to once more, and the captains again assembled on board the flagship. Jones outlined his plan of action. Then, he handed his report to Dornin of the *Dale*, instructing him to detach at once and make best speed for Panama where he was to despatch it to Washington and await return instructions. On receipt of word from the capital, Dornin would sail immediately for California, rendezvousing with the flagship at Monterey or San Francisco.

With the die cast, Commodore Jones turned his full attention to the task ahead. Beset by contrary winds, he was forced to sail westward, far out into the Pacific before finding a favorable slant for California. Though chafing mightily under this delay, he nevertheless put the time to good use, constantly drilling the crews of his two ships in preparation for hostilities, should the authorities in Monterey decide to resist. Gun drills, landing-party practice, small arms exercises, and live firing of the ships' main batteries filled the days as the *United States* and the *Cyane* pressed ahead. Jones also drafted his order for the capture of Monterey, along with the demand for surrender, the latter prepared in English and in Spanish. Finally, with everything in readiness, the *United States* closed Point Pinos—the southern promontory of Monterey Bay—at dawn on 19 October 1842.

Clearing for action and hoisting English colors, the tiny squadron stood in toward the harbor. Ashore, as the sun's first rays warmed the greenish-brown California hills, the unsuspecting residents of Monterey went about their normal business, completely unaware that they were about to become subjects of the United States, albeit briefly.

Lookouts were stationed aloft in both American ships to identify any hostile sail which might be in the harbor. For, Jones still did not know whether he had won his race with Admiral Thomas. He was greatly relieved when no warships were sighted. A small Mexican bark—*Joven Guipuzcoana,* one Captain Snook commanding—was, however, spied standing out to sea. It was seized immediately, and Snook was brought on board the "States Frigate" for interrogation. He claimed to know nothing of any difficulties between the United States and Mexico.

Still handicapped by the appalling communications problem, Jones nonetheless ascertained that the most recent newspaper accounts Snook had seen were dated about 1 January from the United States and probably 1 May from Mexico. Given this information, the Commodore discounted Snook's professed belief that all was at peace between the two countries. Directing *Cyane* to put a prize crew aboard the Mexican and bring her into Monterey in company, Jones made sail for the inner harbor.

At 2:45 P.M., the *United States* rounded to, now flying American colors, and anchored close in to the city's Castle of Monterey, a dilapidated earthen fort mounting some eleven guns. Springs were swiftly run out to the cable and a kedge anchor planted astern to keep the frigate's larboard broadside bearing on the town. An American merchant ship *Fame*, which fouled the line of fire, was towed clear. When the *Cyane* had similarly anchored and was ready for action, Jones hoisted a white flag at the fore, and settled back to await the arrival of an American or some neutral delegation which he anticipated would hasten aboard with the very latest news. In this manner, he hoped to obtain the most recent information bearing on relations between the United States and Mexico.

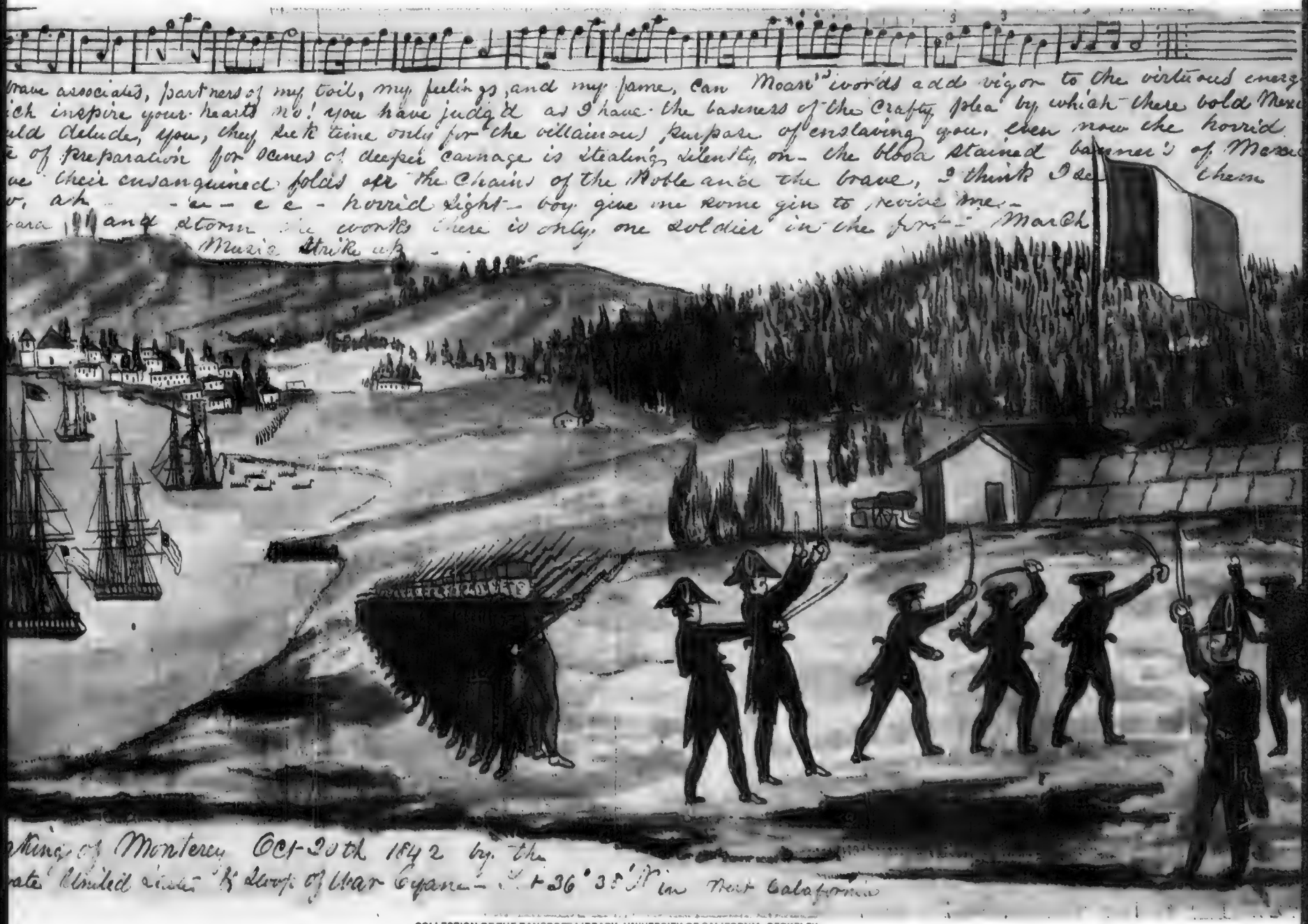
At long last, a small boat wearing the Mexican flag and bearing two officers approached the flagship. Clearly frightened, these emissaries, sent out by Acting Governor General Juan Bautista Alvarado, also professed to know nothing of any war, but their furtive conduct served only to heighten Jones's suspicions. Still seeking to discover the true state of affairs before taking any irreversible action, the Commodore elected to summon the mate of the *Fame*. From him, Jones learned that the ship had only recently arrived from the Sandwich Islands, its departure having been delayed a week or two by late letters from Mazatlan reporting war between the United States and Mexico. Moreover, Honolulu had been filled with rumors that Alta California had been ceded to Great Britain for seven million dollars and guarantees of English aid in retaining Baja (Lower) California as Mexican territory.

BY NOW, THE AMERICAN SAILORS could clearly see the general stir ashore—messengers dashing about, horsemen collecting, and the Castle's guns being manned. As far as Jones was concerned, the "time for *action* had

Continued on page 60

TAKING OF MONTEREY · OCT 20TH 1842

One of the sailors in Commodore Jones's squadron during his ill-timed invasion of California in 1842 was Gunner William H. Meyers of the Cyane, *who wrote an entertaining journal on the cruise and produced several delightful watercolors. In Meyers's painting below, officers and marines confront the empty fort at Monterey on 20 October, while another landing party in the distance occupies the town proper. The next day, after learning to his dismay that a state of war probably did not exist between the United States and Mexico, Commodore Jones hastily returned the settlement to local authorities. The oration written across the top of the picture is probably a satire of a pre-landing pep talk delivered by one of the officers aboard the* Cyane.


brave associates, partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame, can Moan'd words add vigor to the virtuous energ
which inspire your hearts no! you have judg'd as I have the baseness of the crafty plea by which these bold Mexi
would delude, you, they seek time only for the villainous purpose of enslaving you. then now the horrid
ne of preparation for scenes of deeper carnage is stealing silently on the blood stained banners of Mexic
ve their empurpled folds off the Chains of the Noble and the brave, I think I see them
w, ah - - e - e e - horrid sight - boy give me some gin to revive me -
ara and storm the works there is only one soldier in the fort - March
Music Strike up

ing of Monterey Oct-20th 1842 by the
ate United States Sloop of War Cyane - Lat 36° 35' N in New Calafornia

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BOHEMIAN RENDEZVOUS

NINETEENTH-CENTURY MONTEREY: SANCTUARY

LOCATED SOME ONE HUNDRED MILES south of San Francisco, the Monterey Peninsula has long enjoyed a reputation as the locale of serious artistic and literary activity. Early in this century, George Sterling, Arnold Genthe, Xavier Martinez, Mary Austin, and others were drawn to the quaint village of Carmel-by-the-Sea, hoping to find in that magnificent natural setting the inspiration to work and the opportunity to play. But even earlier, over a quarter of a century before, the old Hispanic town of Monterey, capital of California under the flags of Spain and Mexico, served as a lodestone for artists and writers.

To Americans of the late nineteenth century, Old California, the California before the gringos came, was an imagined arcadia—a land of vast ranchos and great manor houses, where weary travelers were accorded the generous hospitality of Spanish *dons*, and life was a succession of elegant balls and balmy nights spent lounging on wide verandas, the air fragrant with roses and orange blossoms. Crumbling missions, their adobe and stone walls overgrown with vines, were romantically regarded as the scene where simple, childlike Indians learned the elements of Christianity beneath the patriarchal care of the brown-robed padres. This mythical age was given substance in the "historical" paintings of Charles Nahl, vividly recalled in the stories of Gertrude Atherton, and transformed by Willis Polk and A. Page Brown into Mission Revival architecture, with its long arcades, red tiled roofs, and white stuccoed walls.

Beginning with the French artist Gaspard Duché de Vancy, who portrayed the reception of his captain, explorer Jean Francois Galaup, Comte de La Pérouse, by Father Fermín Francisco de Lasuén at Mission San Carlos Bor-

by Chauncey A. Kirk

COLLECTION OF THE AMON CARTER MUSEUM OF WESTERN ART, FORT WORTH;
PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF JOHN HOWELL BOOKS, SAN FRANCISCO

AND INSPIRATION FOR EARLY WESTERN ARTISTS

romeo del Carmelo (Carmel Mission) in 1786, the ecclesiastical and secular establishments on the Monterey Peninsula regularly attracted the attention of artists attached to voyages of discovery. Later, the mission church and, across the neck of the peninsula, the town of Monterey and the nearby *presidio* were also favorite subjects of amateur artists among the American military forces engaged in the acquisition of California during the Mexican War. It was not, however, until a quarter of a century after the discovery of gold at Sutter's mill in 1848 had emptied Monterey's streets that the sleepy backwater became the haunt of poets, painters, and dreamers.

Taking the steamer south from San Francisco, tourists of the 1870s coasted the peninsula, rounded Año Nuevo Point, and put in for supper at the growing resort town of Santa Cruz, before continuing across Monterey Bay.

When Léon Trousset painted City of Monterey *in 1875 (above), the beautiful coastal settlement had become a bohemian haven for artists.*

About the old Pacific capital they found stern headlands of rugged rock and solitary beaches where shrilly calling gulls wheeled in the sky and long, curving breakers thundered endlessly. The bordering sandhills were thick with chaparral and live oak, finally meeting inland with forests of pine which, mysteriously festooned with tattered gowns of Spanish moss, obstructed the sight but never the sound of the crashing surf. The strangely gnarled and twisted Monterey cypress; the ruins of Carmel Mission, where once a year aged Indians gathered to intone the Gregorian music of a mass learned long ago; and the quiet village of Monterey, with its several streets of thick-walled

MISSION SAN CARLOS BORROMEO DEL CARMELO
by Juan Buckingham Wandesforde · 1875

COLLECTION OF THE FINE ARTS MUSEUMS OF SAN FRANCISCO: THE M. H. DE YOUNG MUSEUM

adobes evoking images of a Spanish arcadia—all contributed to an overwhelming atmosphere of romance.

Among the visitors to the old Pacific capital was the Frenchman Léon Trousset, about whom, like so many other early California artists, there exists only the scantiest information, consisting of less than a dozen paintings and a handful of contemporary newspaper references. Trousset's *City of Monterey, California* (pages 34-35), conveniently dated by the artist, November 1, 1875, gives some suggestion of a community caught between the past and the future, precariously balanced between affirmation of American energy and resignation to a heritage of Hispanic indolence. From the royal *presidio* chapel in the extreme left of the painting, constructed in 1784 by the master mason Manuel Ruiz, to the old custom house, beneath the American flag on the far right, is a scattering of adobes and frame buildings along irregular streets paved with sand, where, even at that date, Spanish was more often heard than English. The bleached bones strewn along the shore and the harpooned humpback whale being towed in for rendering at the try-works are reminders of the town's traditional economic dependence on the industry of shore whaling, which was rapidly dwindling at that time.

In the foreground of the painting, a locomotive and a few cars approach the depot of the narrow-gauge Monterey & Salinas Valley Railroad. Completed in October 1874, the line brought agricultural products from the fertile Salinas Valley and promised to restore Monterey's long-eclipsed reputation as an important seaport. Within nine months after construction began on the road, over ninety families took up residence and some forty or fifty new businesses were established. Unfortunately, because of various financial problems, including a disastrous rate war with the Southern Pacific—the legendary Octopus, which had a line extending from San Jose to the Salinas Valley—the railroad brought few economic benefits to the town. And so Monterey continued to sleep, though the more ambitious and enterprising of its citizens, aware of the commercial value of the peninsula's natural attractions, predicted it was destined to become the leading summer

RANCH SCENE, MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA
by William Hahn · 1875

KAHN COLLECTION, THE OAKLAND MUSEUM

resort and watering place of the Pacific.

Sometime in the summer previous to Trousset's painting, Jules Tavernier (1844–1889), an artist who has become inseparably identified with the early artists' colony at Monterey, made his appearance in California. Along with another French artist, Paul Frenzeny, Tavernier was commissioned in the autumn of 1873 by *Harper's Weekly* to record pictorially a journey across America by train, stagecoach, and horseback. Although Frenzeny is a shadowy figure on the western frontier—little is known about him except that he served during the mid-1860s in the French cavalry under Marshal Bazaine in Mexico—a wealth of fact and anecdote relating to Tavernier survives.

OF HUGUENOT DESCENT, Jules Tavernier was born in Paris in April 1844. He studied with the historical painter Félix Barrias, and when Tavernier was twenty, two of his pictures were accepted by the Paris Salon. Following the Franco-Prussian War, in which he is said to have served with the eighty-fourth battalion of the *Compagnie des Marches*, Tavernier emigrated by way of London to New York, where he contributed illustrations to the *Aldine*, *Scribner's Magazine*, and *Picturesque America*. Once in California, he quickly established a reputation as eccentric, improvident, and colorful. Certainly he was San Francisco's closest link with European bohemianism of conviviality and unconventionality, of insouciance and impecunity, and of wine and women. "He painted grand pictures in the air with his thumb and grew quite enthusiastic over their value," recalled Robert Fletcher, "but it was not until the screws of material existence had tightened upon him to the last thread that he would put these inspirations on canvas." Volatile in the extreme, Tavernier once put his foot through a nearly completed painting of the Palace Hotel, ordered by its owner William Chapman Ralston, when the eminent banker suggested that perhaps the architectural detail might be more clearly represented. Despite such antics, Tavernier's artistic skill was much in demand; he decorated the entrance court to Mrs. Mark

CHINESE VILLAGE (MONTEREY)
by Henry Cleenewerck · 1880

A VIEW OF MONTEREY BAY
by Raymond Yelland · 1879

COLLECTION OF THE MONTEREY HISTORY AND ART ASSOCIATION

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY ART COLLECTION

Hopkins's Nob Hill mansion with scenes from the Alhambra and received the regular patronage of such prominent California collectors as Tiburcio Parrott, Irving M. Scott, and Governor George Perkins.

In early November 1875, accompanied by the artist Walter Paris (1842–1906), Tavernier traveled south from San Francisco to make sketches for a large painting, *Carmel Mission on the Feast of San Carlos*, a work which is, alas, now lost. Somewhat of an odd couple, Tavernier—effusive and excitable, Paris—pompous and phlegmatic, the two artists extended their stay day after day, finally fitting up a studio across from the post office on the town's principal thoroughfare, Alvarado Street. Enchanted by the beautiful scenery of Point Lobos, Pebble Beach, and Cypress Grove, at one with the sleepy charm of Monterey, Tavernier decided to settle permanently by mid-December and returned to San Francisco to fetch his belongings. His vivid descriptions of the wild coast and the old town soon persuaded other artists to make extended visits. "Tavernier's residence among us," proclaimed the *Monterey Weekly Herald*, "cannot fail to render our town better known to the outside world." And, indeed, over the next two or three years, Monterey gradually acquired a reputation as an artists' colony, a refuge from the cares of city life, a picturesque spot to bask in the sun and while away the hours.

The artists who responded to the lure of the old Pacific capital were representative of California painters in that a simple affirmation of romantic realism rather than any recognizable regional style connected their work. Emigrants from a variety of nations and inheritors of disparate artistic traditions, they manifested in their painting the inevitable artistic conservatism of a colonial people. Schooled in styles developed for the scenery of other lands yet appreciative of California's particular qualities, they exhibited collectively, and often individually, an assortment of responses in their search for an understanding of the Pacific Coast.

Juan Buckingham Wandesforde's (1817–1902) painting, *Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Carmelo* (page 36), for example, gives strong suggestion of the eighteenth-century landscape tradition, adapted to eastern American climes by long familiarity with the Hudson River School, now grappling with the problems presented by California's bright light and clear skies. Thus, it is not surprising to learn that Wandesforde, guiding spirit and first president of the San Francisco Art Association, had studied in his native England with John Varley, taught drawing at the Glasgow Collegiate and Commercial Academy, and painted in New York for ten years prior to arriving in California in 1862. For there is not only the matter of a vaguely alien palette, atmosphere, and even vegetation in this

LA BARRANCA HONDO (CARMEL VALLEY)
by Julian Walbridge Rix · 1877

dreamy depiction of Carmel Mission, but its poetic mood of antiquity is written in a language more familiar to readers of William Wordsworth than of Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller.

This same uneasiness with the California landscape, this indecision between perception and tradition, is evident in much of the work of William Hahn (1829–1887) and Henry Cleenewerck. Hahn, who was born in the village of Ebersbach, Saxony, and attended the Royal Academy of Art in Dresden, was over forty, his artistic style well formed, when in 1871 he took passage for America. He briefly shared a studio in Boston with the California artist William Keith, and then the pair boarded the transcontinental train for the West Coast. During nearly a decade in San Francisco, Hahn recorded the pulse of everyday life in California, only rarely infusing his genre paintings with an artificial sentimentality despite a long association with Düsseldorf. Nonetheless, there is so often in his work, as in this striking *Ranch Scene, Monterey, California* (page 37),a telling coldness of color in the palette, a theatrical lighting, that confirms an early assessment of his paintings in the *Overland Monthly* as "thoroughly German in treatment and style." A similar detachment from California's unique characteristics is evident in *Chinese Village* (page 38) by Henry Cleenewerck, a Belgian artist who resided in San Francisco for several years in the early 1880s. Depicting the shanty fishing-town at Point Cabrillo, near the Methodist summer camp of Pacific Grove on the Monterey Peninsula, the painting serves culturally as a reminder of how artistic style and tradition are perpetuated by colonials and historically as a charming vignette of a Chinese community that vanished overnight following a great fire in February 1906. To the left may be seen the racks used to dry fish, while in the center foreground, beside their sampan, two fishermen patiently mend a net.

Exhibiting in their paintings of Monterey and environs a far more thorough appreciation of California's distinctive qualities were Raymond Dabb Yelland (1848–1900) and Julian Walbridge Rix (1850–1903). Born in London, Yelland was raised in New York and educated at the National Academy of Design prior to coming west in 1873 to lead a distinguished career as an artist and as a teacher at the California School of Design. Rix was a native of Peachem, Vermont, a self-taught artist whose early years in San Francisco were spent as a house and sign painter with Charles Hopps & Sons on Sansome Street. Yelland and Rix first came to Monterey together in the spring of 1876; they were contrary in character, and yet a common understanding of California's peculiar light and atmosphere pervades their work. In Yelland's *View of Monterey Bay* (page 39) there is a certain dryness, a crispness bordering on academic hardness, that is suggestive of his own personality,

COWS RESTING AT THE MEADOW BROOK
by Carl von Perbandt · n.d.

COLLECTION OF THE CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, SAN FRANCISCO/LOS ANGELES

recalling that contemporaries thought him "the most proper of the entire artistic fraternity" in San Francisco. Nevertheless, it is a splendid painting; the sparkling play of light on the ragged rocks, the foam-flecked waves—now blue, now green—flooding the rugged shore, and the soft haze partially obscuring distant Mount Toro are all so characteristically Californian. The same close observation and clear drawing, slightly softened, are apparent in Julian Rix's *La Barranca Hondo* (opposite). A congenital bohemian, an incurable romantic who considered a "blushing cheek" his favorite color, Rix's painting of the Carmel Valley, southeast of the Monterey Peninsula, is a somewhat more personal vision of California than Yelland's. Despite the glow of the setting sun, there is a certain desolation to the scene that tells of the dry valley winds which stir the trees and the imaginative recesses of the mind.

This interest in conveying mood rather than describing a place is more fully developed in the paintings of Carl von Perbandt (1832–1911) and Jules Tavernier, whose work is representative of the gradual change in California landscape painting during the late 1870s and early 1880s. A native of Langendorf, Prussia, who delighted in having it hinted about that he was descended from nobility, von Perbandt was immediately drawn to Monterey and a friendship with Jules Tavernier upon his arrival in California in 1877. Surprisingly, though a student of Karl Lessing in Düsseldorf, he usually painted broadly and simply instead of recording an endless catalogue of factual observations. His *Cows Resting at the Meadow Brook* (above) is an evocation of California pastoral poetry, a characteristic scene of live oaks, chaparral, and sear hillsides. A similar concern with expressing mood at the expense of articulating detail is evident in Tavernier's *Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Carmelo* (page 42), which invites comparison with Juan B. Wandesforde's painting of the same subject. An essay in tonalism, it suggests far more than it relates, the lambent light of dawn tenderly illuminating a crumbling relic of California's Hispanic past.

COMING TOGETHER AT MONTEREY, enjoying the easy rhythms of life, the slow passage of time marked only by the morning fog gradually giving way to the sun, visiting artists easily fell into a bohemian existence which revolved about Tavernier's newly constructed studio on Alvarado Street, the Sanchez saloon, and the restaurant of Jules Simoneau. Located next to the *Weekly Herald* office, opposite his former quarters, Tavernier's studio was illuminated by a large skylight and decorated with Indian souvenirs from his overland journey, Japanese robes, wolf skins, Oriental rugs, bleached bones, and innumerable other props and curiosities. "The studio," remembered

MISSION SAN CARLOS BORROMEO DEL CARMELO
by Jules Tavernier · circa 1877

COLLECTION OF JOHN H. GARZOLI

Charles Warren Stoddard, "was the focus of life and hope and love; some work was also supposed to be done there. It was the headquarters of the idle and the hungry, and the seeker after consolation in all its varied forms."

It was there in September 1878, between drinking beer and talking art, that one of Monterey's great bohemian parties was conceived. Stoddard, along with portrait painter Joseph Dwight Strong, Jr. (1853–1899), journalist Fred M. Somers, and L. G. J. Finod, "a wild French academician and a mighty hunter," had come on the coastal steamer from San Francisco "to sleep, to dream, to wake and eat again; to feel a forgetfulness of the city, to snooze in the middle of the day . . . to get up late in the morning, to mock at care and responsibility, to simply exist, not live." After a week of lounging along the coast, they laid plans for a Sunday dinner party which in its original conception "would have taxed the capacity of the Palace Hotel." Invitations summoning guests to meet the visiting bohemians at the summer residence of the Strong sisters, Elizabeth (1855–1941), also an artist, and Ninole, were distributed, and the drawing room of their adobe on Alvarado Street transformed into a banquet hall. The walls were hung with streamers of Spanish moss, as well as robes, tapestries, and paintings appropriated from Tavernier's studio. One of the windows was decorated by Strong with a figure representing Art, while Tavernier painted the other with the symbolic deity of Literature. Greeted by Elizabeth Strong, Carl von Perbandt, and Charles Warren Stoddard, "dressed like a monk, in robe and fez," the guests sat down to a table covered with flowers, ferns, and fruit. They were served a dinner composed of twelve courses with seven different wines and cordials, while two musicians concealed behind a screen serenaded them with guitar and violin. By seven that evening the party had spread to a nearby adobe, where fireworks, dancing, and the arrival of the Monterey brass band soon drew the curious, until "seemingly the whole population of the place gathered to wonder what was going on."

North of Tavernier's studio on Alvarado Street, near the corner where Del Monte Avenue crosses it today, was the Bohemia Saloon of Alejandro and Adolfo Sanchez. There, beneath panels of scenes painted by Tavernier and Strong, locals and visitors collected to gossip, drink, and play billiards. There, also, on the last day of August 1879, a sickly Scotsman, the "amateur immigrant" as Robert Louis Stevenson called himself, stopped for a glass of brandy upon arriving in town. Proceeding up the street, he came to the adobe of Señorita María Ignacia Bonifacio. In a wing of the house lived Fanny Osbourne, the object of his six-thousand-mile journey to California, her sister, Nellie Van dee Grift, and Fanny's daughter, Isobel Osbourne. For Stevenson, impoverished and ill, the three months

ISOBEL OSBOURNE AT MONTEREY
by Joseph Dwight Strong, Jr.
1879

COLLECTION OF JOHN H. GARZOLI

spent in Monterey represented a trying time, filled with the urgency of supporting himself by his pen and the anxiety of waiting for Fanny to divorce her husband. But it was also a time for romance. While Stevenson wrote and waited, Fanny's sister Nellie was courted by Adolfo Sanchez, and Isobel received the constant attention of Joseph Strong, whom she had secretly married at Pacific Grove in early August.

Born in Westport, Connecticut, the son of a Congregational minister, Strong had grown up in Hawaii and California before going to Munich in 1873 to study with Karl von Piloty. Like Stevenson, he was now penniless, just beginning his career, and the two, so often together at the Bonifacio adobe, became friends. They planned a collaborative effort, an illustrated article about a camp in the redwoods, which unfortunately came to nothing. Strong was certainly more of a bohemian than Stevenson, and the Indian summer of 1879 was a time to enjoy life. "There were riding parties to Point Lobos," Isobel fondly recalled, "picnics on the beach, swimming off the wharf, and the gay weekly fandangos where we soon learned all the old Spanish dances." In late autumn, about the time Strong painted a charming portrait of Isobel with a neighbor's pet deer (preceding page), the couple pretended to elope, finally making public their marriage.

While in Monterey, Stevenson struck up a friendship with the amiable Jules Simoneau. "He is my restaurant man," wrote Stevenson, "a most pleasant old boy with whom I discuss the universe and play chess daily." Simoneau's "Lyon's Ale Depot" and "Bohemian Club Rendezvous" were a combined barbershop, bar, and restaurant. A simple whitewashed adobe, located at the intersection of Pearl and California (now Munras) streets, it had once probably served as the Mexican jail, but in the 1870s, it was a favorite haunt of townsfolk and visiting bohemians alike. To the back of the structure were a kitchen and dining room where, wrote Stevenson, the "intending diner found himself in a little, chilly, bare, adobe room, furnished with chairs and tables, and adorned with some oil sketches roughly brushed upon the wall in the manner of Barbizon and Cernay. The table, at whatever hour you entered, was already laid with a not spotless napkin and, by way of épergne, with a dish of green peppers and tomatoes, pleasing alike to eye and palate." The sketches, some said to be done in bootblack and beer, were the work of Jules Tavernier, Julian Rix, and others of the bohemian brotherhood who preferred to pay their bill in kind rather than coin. Good cheer and revelry reigned each evening as the host, shirt-sleeves of his blue peasant blouse rolled up, labored in the kitchen over his stove. Of all the inns and restaurants where Stevenson had cherished the pleasure of good companions and fine food, "not one," he wrote, "can be compared with Simoneau's at Monterey."

When Stevenson departed for San Francisco in December 1879, Monterey's carefree, indolent days were fast drawing to a close. Jules Tavernier had quit the town late the previous year, and though artists would gather in the old Pacific capital throughout the century, it was never quite the same—the people or the place. In 1880 Julian Rix left California permanently for New Jersey, Elizabeth Strong was off to Paris, and Jules Simoneau to Mexico; two years later, Joseph and Isobel Strong sailed from San Francisco to Hawaii, where in 1884 they were joined by Jules Tavernier, on the run from his creditors. As for Monterey, the financial prosperity promised earlier by the completion of the narrow-gauge railroad to Salinas was finally attained when in 1880 the Southern Pacific ran a branch line into town and the Pacific Improvement Company erected one of America's great inns, Hotel Del Monte, nearby. Once established as a fashionable and elegant resort, Monterey soon lost its sleepy charm. "The tile-topped walls hiding their sweet secluded gardens," Nellie Van dee Grift Sanchez lamented, "gave way to new frame or brick buildings, the narrow, crooked streets were straightened and graded, the breakneck sidewalks replaced by neat cement pavements, and, at last, the Spirit of Romance spread her wings and vanished into the mists of the Pacific." **AW**

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The most recent history of Monterey and environs is Augusta Fink, *Monterey: The Presence of the Past* (1972). Supplementary information on the economic and social forces at work on Monterey in the 1870s, as well as notices chronicling the coming and going of artists, authors, and loungers, may be found in the *Monterey Weekly Herald* and the *Monterey Californian*, which are on microfilm in the Bancroft Library of the University of California and in the Monterey Public Library.

Like all nineteenth-century California artists, the painters who frequented Monterey in the 1870s await their biographers. The quantity and reliability of material available on individual artists vary widely. For example, few references to Henry Cleenewerck have been discovered. But in the case of Jules Tavernier, a wealth of primary sources and several important secondary works are available—most notably, Robert Taft's meticulously-researched *Artists and Illustrators of the Old West, 1850–1900* (1953), which in chapter VII covers Tavernier's journey across America; and Betty Hoag, "Jules Tavernier: Monterey's Knight of the Palette" (Master's thesis, University of Southern California, 1967). A valuable guide to research materials on California art and artists is provided in *Northern California Art: An Interpretive Bibliography* (1977) by Joseph Armstrong Baird, Jr., with Ellen Schwartz.

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Chauncey A. Kirk *is a Santa Cruz, California, writer with an interest in American cultural history. He is currently completing a book-length manuscript on nineteenth-century California painting.*

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The Secretary of the Interior has proposed to Congress the establishment of a **National Heritage Program** which would identify and protect the nation's most important natural areas and historic places. The proposal would create a National Register of Natural Areas, similar to the existing National Register of Historic Places. The new Register would list natural areas which contain geologic features or plant and animal communities that are most representative of and valuable to America's natural heritage.

Archaeological exploration of a **Civil War bastion at Fort Stevens, Oregon,** is under way. Built to defend against both Confederate and British naval forces, the fort was finished only two days before Lee's surrender at Appomattox on April 9, 1865. Now buried, an earthwork bastion is being excavated by students at Clatsop Community College, in conjunction with Fort Stevens State Park and the Oregon Historic Preservation Office.

Plans are well underway for a $400,000 project to enlarge the **Winchester Museum** at the **Buffalo Bill Historical Center** in Cody, Wyoming. The famed collection of almost 5,000 projectile arms, begun in the 1860s by firearm manufacturer Cliver Winchester, has been housed at the Center since 1976. Enlarged museum facilities, 14,000 square feet in area, will allow permanent display of some 2,000 firearms in a series of thematic displays. A distinctive additional feature will be an IBM computer retrieval system which visitors can use to obtain detailed information on any object by simply keying the appropriate call number. Opening of the expanded museum is scheduled for mid-1980.

Two new permanent exhibits at the **Kansas City Museum of History and Science** carry out the themes of **"Settlement"** and **"Trails,"** depicting the great movement West along the Santa Fe, Oregon, and California trails, and the clearing of the frontier wilderness for agricultural development.

In November the **Denver Art Museum** will mount an exhibit of watercolors by the nineteenth century Swiss explorer/artist **Karl Bodmer** who painted American Indians during an expedition through the West in the early 1830s.

The Center for Great Plains Studies of the **University of Nebraska-Lincoln** has established a new interdisciplinary journal entitled **Great Plains Quarterly.** It will publish significant research and criticism in the history, geography, literature, fine arts, folklore, anthropology, politics, economics, and sociology of the Great Plains region. The first issue is planned for January, 1981. Manuscripts and inquiries should be sent to Frederick C. Luebke, Editor, *Great Plains Quarterly*, Center for Great Plains Studies, 1223 Oldfather Hall, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska 68588.

"Westscapes: The Natural History Art of Charles M. Russell" will be on display at the **Denver Museum of Natural History** from January 5 through February 29, 1980. On loan from the Russell Museum in Great Falls, Montana, some thirty oil paintings, watercolors, bronzes, and illustrated letters comprise the exhibit.

"El Palacio," the Museum of New Mexico's historical **Palace of the Governors,** is displaying **"New Mexico Santos"** through January. This exhibit consists of a dozen retablos and bultos dating from the golden age of santero art in the 1820s. The santos are from the collections of the Museum of International Folk Art and compare the images of saints created by New Mexican craftsmen with those of artisans south of the Rio Grande.

Dakota State College is calling for papers to be presented at the Twelfth Annual **Dakota History Conference** to be held at Madison, South Dakota, on April 11 and 12, 1980. Awards will be given to both amateur and professional writers. For information, write to H. W. Blakeley, History Department, Dakota State College, Madison, South Dakota 57042.

Among western sites which have recently been placed on the **National Register of Historic Places** are the Corliss Steam Engine at the Pawnee County Fairgrounds in Oklahoma, and three districts in **Utah:** the Tintic Mining District in Juab and Utah counties, Park City's Main Street, and Logan's Center Street Historic District.

When the **S.S. China** first sailed from San Francisco for the far Pacific in the fall of 1867, she was the largest wooden, ocean-going, commercial vessel afloat, offering luxurious and spacious accommodations for her passengers. Now, all that remains of the beautiful, sidewheel steamship is her cabin (the ship's forty-by-twenty-foot social hall) mounted on pilings at the waterfront in Belvedere, California. The **Belvedere-Tiburon Landmarks Society** has begun a campaign to preserve and restore the cabin to its original elegance and to establish it as a maritime museum. Rescued from the wreckers when the ship was sold for scrap in 1886, the cabin was transported to Belvedere to become a family recreational cottage. Later, it was rented out for many years, suffering the abuses of weather and time. Slated once more for demolition, the cabin was saved by the Landmarks Society. Appealing not only for funds needed for restoration, the Society is also seeking letters and other historical papers relating to the voyages of the *China.*

At its 1979 annual meeting in New Orleans, the **Organization of American Historians** approved a resolution to study how non-academic historians can be drawn more fully into the activities of the OAH. Suggestions can be sent to Richard S. Kirkendall, Executive Secretary of OAH, Indiana University, 112 North Bryan, Bloomington, Indiana 47401.

The **First National Bank of Nevada** is exhibiting through December an original collection of twelve oil paintings on the **history of Nevada.** Artist Dick Johnson has depicted scenes in the development of Nevada from 1829 to 1935. **AW**

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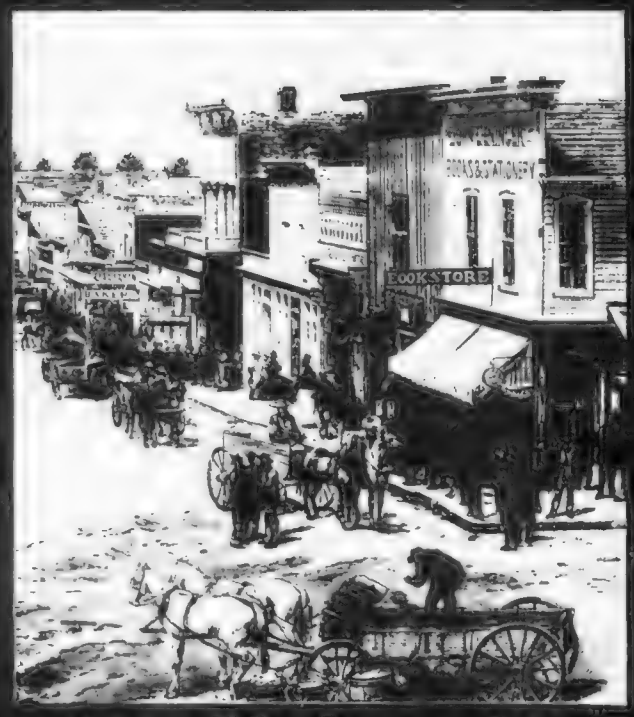

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THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

LOST HARBOR: THE CONTROVERSY OVER DRAKE'S CALIFORNIA ANCHORAGE

Reviewed by Richard Dillon

Lost Harbor: The Controversy Over Drake's California Anchorage *by Warren L. Hanna (University of California, Berkeley/Los Angeles, 1979; 476 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $15.95).*

AS THE SUBTITLE makes clear, this excellent book is neither a biography of Sir Francis Drake nor a reappraisal of his voyages. It is, rather, a very detailed investigation of his California stay of 1579. As such, it will not be everyone's cup of tea. In fact, it may appear to be a case of much ado about next-to-nothing to westerners who are tired of endless arguments over the exact site of the anchorage and careenage of the *Golden Hind*.

However, the argument itself is now part of history and will probably become the American equivalent of Britain's Baconian controversy over Shakespeare's plays. It is time to set the record, so far, as straight as possible. This is what Hanna does, and admirably. Like a Sherlock Holmes, he examines all the minutiae of the mystery story in order to bring order out of the chaos of conflicting claims. For the moment, this is the "definitive" statement on the riddle of Drake's lost harbor.

If the precise location of Drake's California haven is not all that earth-shaking, Drake *is* important to our history. His claiming of Marin county for the Crown kept the name New Albion on maps for centuries and added greatly to the myth of California as a land of mystery and riches on the very edge of the New World.

Because Drake's logbook vanished long ago, baffled but contentious partisans of the three most likely sites of his camp grasp at every historical straw. In their plausible solutions, they make use of negative research and turn the lack of proof of an opponent's claim into a triumph of their own.

Hanna, wisely, does not set himself up as a judge or one-man jury, rendering a verdict of one innocent and two guilty theories. Instead, he acts as a judicial referee, evaluating the evidence (most of it circumstantial) and the claims made for and against it by the rival parties. In the end, he adopts a point system to rate each theory on the twenty tenets, or pertinent "clues" to the truth, established by the California Historical Society in a 1974 Drake debate.

As might be expected, the traditional Drake's Estero (Estuary) view prevails when the points are tallied. But not so handily as would have been the case ten years ago. And, to use race track idiom, the "place" spot is a surprise, as the inside theory of Point San Quentin noses out the alternative coastal site, leaving Bolinas Lagoon in the "show" position. But these are hardly scientific measurements and, to switch to judicial terms, it is a mistrial or a hung jury, still. In the language of Scotland's bench, the case is simply "Not Proven."

Warren Hanna is the ideal person to evaluate the weight of evidence and tonnage of conjecture by Ray Aker and the Drake Navigators Guild for the Drake's Estero site; Aubrey Neasham, proponent of Bolinas Lagoon; and Robert Power, advocate of Point San Quentin. Hanna is a student and collector of Drakiana and an attorney skilled in sorting evidence. He is remarkably disinterested for someone so close to the subject. Rarely does he lose his objectivity, even when chiding all parties occasionally. Only once or twice do his personal feelings intrude—as when he quibbles over whether or not the Miwoks knew that they were crowning Drake their king, and meant it. (Drake no more worried about such *de jure* approval by the natives of a *de facto* situation than did Cortés.) And the author is a bit hasty in shooting down Powers's interesting speculation that New Albion was the beginning of the idea, at least, of the overseas British Empire.

Using the Historical Society's tenets, Hanna surveys the controversy in terms of the original textual accounts, including the handful of Indian words proving Drake's "subjects" to have been Coast Miwoks. He examines old engravings and early cartography, especially the Hondius map with its inset drawing of the lost harbor. He studies such physical evidence as the Plate of Brass, currently discredited as a hoax. He reviews the localized mini-climates of the rival sites, their flora and fauna.

If the reader learns nothing else from this book, it is caution. To be "from Missouri," the Show Me state. Never to draw hasty historical conclusions. To distinguish between conjecture and proof. And particularly, never, never to select historical facts to fit a personal theory, while discarding those which do not happen to fit preconceived ideas or wishful thinking.

There are some misspellings in the volume—careenage, Duxbury Reef, the *Ayacucho*, and others—some of them simply errors of the partisans repeated by Hanna. The *tilde* is removed from Cañizares but added unnecessarily to Cermenho. All written accents are lopped off Spanish names, for some reason. (Economy-minded Regents, saving on ink??) But these editorial matters are but a few flies to wave off a rich plum cake of historiography, plump and juicy with notes, bibliography, index, and appendices quoting ancient documents, verbatim.

Very tasty, indeed. Highly recommended. **AW**

Richard Dillon's latest book is a biography of Commodore Perry, We Have Met the Enemy. *His next is* High Steel, *a photographic history of the building of the Golden Gate and San Francisco Bay bridges.*

WESTERN BOOKS IN BRIEF

Track of the Grizzly *by Frank C. Craighead, Jr. (Sierra Club, San Francisco, 1979; 261 pp., illus., maps, biblio, appen., index, $10.95).*

The product of thirteen years of field study in the huge ecosystem of Yellowstone National Park, this volume provides a vast body of new information on grizzly biology and behavior. The grizzly once roamed the trans-Mississippi West from Mexico to the Arctic; today in the contiguous forty-eight states it is found only in the wilder parts of Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho. Presenting his story in a convincing manner, the author elicits the reader's interest and affection for the objects of his study. Craighead's admiration for the grizzly is reflected in his dedication: "This book is dedicated to kindred traits—the inquisitive nature of the grizzly and the imaginative spirit of man."

Telluride: From Pick to Powder *by Richard L. and Suzanne Fetter (The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1979; 194 pp., illus., $4.95 paper).*

The southwestern Colorado community of Telluride comes to life in this well-written, anecdotal account, which encompasses its history from mining town of the 1880s to its present prominence as a ski area.

Chronological List of Actions &c, with Indians from January 15, 1837 to January, 1891 *edited by Dale E. Floyd (The Old Army Press, Ft. Collins, Colorado, 1979; 79 pp., $12.50).*

For military buffs only, this small volume reproduces a listing compiled by the Adjutant General's Office in 1891 regarding battles between the regular U.S. army and the Indians.

San Francisco: Creation of a City *by Tom Moulin and Don DeNevi (Celestial Arts, Millbrae, California, 1978; 177 pp., illus., index, $9.95 paper).*

This fascinating soft-cover book of over 200 black and white photographs provides a pictorial history of San Francisco from the 1880s to the present. Remarkably, all photos were taken by three succeeding generations from a single family of noted San Francisco photographers, the Moulins. With intelligent and sensitive artistry, the Bay city is portrayed in its glory and its tragedy, from Victorian solidity to the trauma of earthquake and fire, to the building of proud bridges and gala expositions, to the creation of the present-day skyline of concrete and steel. The book is also a reflection of the development of photography during those years. **AW**

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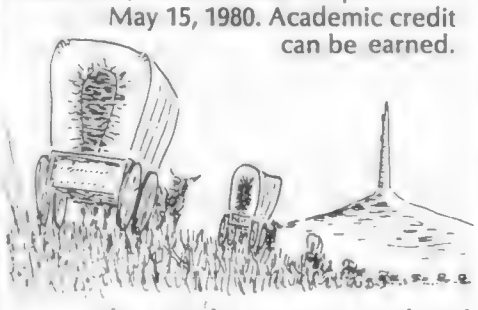

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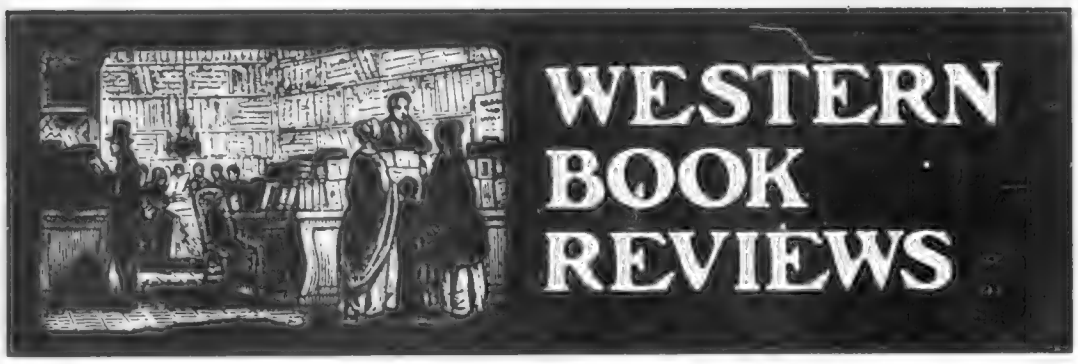

O. C. Seltzer: Painter of the Old West *by Mildred D. Ladner (University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1979; 238 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $35.00).*

Reviewed by Robert Hitchman

FATE SEEMS to have conspired against Olaf Seltzer in gaining the full recognition he deserved as one of the West's outstanding artists. For many years he worked as a machinist, painting only when he could find time to do so. He was a modest, quiet man who was reluctant to promote his work. From 1926 to 1941, the major portion of his production was purchased by one patron, Dr. Philip G. Cole, thus limiting his exposure to the world of art collectors. And finally, he stood in the shadow of his friend and associate, Charlie Russell.

Now, thanks to Mildred D. Ladner, the Seltzer story is fully recorded. In this handsome volume there are almost 200 pages of double-column text, 38 excellent color plates, and 115 black and white illustrations.

Seltzer was born in Denmark in 1877. As a youngster he studied art at the Technical Society Institute, Copenhagen. There he learned the elements of draughtsmanship that give his paintings a special quality. Just before his fifteenth birthday, he moved to Montana with his mother. He worked with horse outfits for a season and then became an apprentice machinist.

At age nineteen, Seltzer met Charlie Russell, and a close friendship was established. Russell proved an inspiration to the youth, and over the years each learned from the other. The subjects they painted were similar. Although their sense of color and styles was not the same, Mildred Ladner relates that Seltzer's paintings seem to have been offered for sale as Russell's after alteration of signatures.

Dr. Philip G. Cole, New York industrialist, acquired 340 Seltzer pieces almost as fast as they were produced. After Cole's death these were purchased by Thomas Gilcrease and are now exhibited at the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Seltzer worked both in oils and watercolors. Like Russell, he enjoyed decorating stationery and envelopes with watercolor sketches, and these are among his finest pieces. His subjects range over a wide field, but his great contribution is that he painted the Wild West as he saw it firsthand. The series of Western Characters he did for Dr. Cole are unique in recording western life and costume. Seltzer was a perennial student, a keen observer and had a deep sense of history. For all that we can be grateful.

It is evident that Mildred Ladner was tireless in her research, interviewing Seltzer's descendants and friends, poring over the quantity of notations Seltzer habitually made, and examining letters from him and to him. Her text is generously salted with quotations, giving it special integrity. Here is Seltzer's story in great detail, fully told for the first time in a book that collectors of Western Americana will enjoy. **AW**

Robert Hitchman is currently president of the Washington State Historical Society, and Secretary for Domestic Correspondence and member of the Board of Councillors of the American Antiquarian Society. He is a retired insurance company executive.

Gertrude Atherton *by Charlotte S. McClure (G. K. Hall, Boston, 1979; 163 pp., biblio., appen., notes, index, $9.95).*

Reviewed by Elinor Richey

SENSITIVE TO the undercurrents of her day, Gertrude Atherton, who died in 1948, foresaw much that has arrived. She predicted present-day society in which aristocracy of birth has been replaced by brains and talent, and her independent heroines previewed the modern woman. Critics used to call her protagonists superwomen, but today such women abound. Her feminist themes have revived interest in this novelist who frequently used western settings.

The title of this latest study suggests a

biography. It is not, but rather a survey of Atherton's career and writings with attention to biographical details related to her fiction. McClure summarizes Atherton's plots, in many of which women defy custom to invade professions, business, and intellectual affairs and to select husbands who will allow them their heads. She analyzes the feminist attitudes of Atherton's characters and finds none quite so emancipated as the novelist herself, who after escaping an oppressive marriage, thereafter avoided the altar as if the guillotine, branding love a "transitory, functional thing," the "blind instinct of the race to survive."

Atherton not only possessed originality and the narrative gift, according to McClure, but was universal. She was ever questioning life's purpose and probing human motivation. She also succeeded in her aim to be a "correct social historian" of her times. Alas, she too correctly recorded the latest fads and slang, of which nothing is so dull tomorrow. That is probably why the Atherton revival is mainly one of interest in her ideas rather than in reading her books, which librarians say largely remain undisturbed on the shelves.

Atherton's critics never determined her place in literature. McClure's modest book does not fill that gap, but it is a worthy contribution. **AW**

Elinor Richey is a Berkeley, California, writer of articles, encyclopedia essays, and books, including Eminent Women of the West, *which contains a chapter on Gertrude Atherton.*

Monte Cristo *by Philip R. Woodhouse (The Mountaineers, Seattle, 1979; 307 pp., illus., maps, biblio., appen., notes, glossary, index, $15.00).*

Reviewed by Gordon B. Dodds

THIS BOOK is a chronicle of courage and determination, but also one of frustration and failure. The story begins with the nineteenth-century discovery of a hidden valley in northwestern Washington by a veteran prospector who then interests outside capitalists in filing mineral claims in the region that they christened Glacier Valley. The mining district itself takes its name from Dumas's novel of romance and wealth, but the years of intermittent productivity, 1894–1921, saw little of either.

The plan was to ship the low-grade ores (mainly silver) of the Monte Cristo district to Everett for smelting, but a succession of mine owners, including the

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Rockefeller interests (from 1899 to 1903), could not overcome a host of problems—local, regional, and national, both environmental and human—that plagued the mining operations. A poorly-built railroad to Everett, floods, snowslides, fires, and accidents, plus national depressions and economic fluctuations, were the normal routine. Only during the years when the resort business flourished, especially the 1920s and the late 1940s, were some residents able to count on a stable income.

Philip Woodhouse, with assistance from his literary editor Robert Wood, sets forth an interesting and clearly-written account of the Monte Cristo story. He integrates the development of the local district with regional and national economic forces. The book is well organized within a tight chronological framework. The maps are helpful. Where the reader might ask more is in a fuller treatment of the social life of the district's towns of Monte Cristo and Silverton and in more ample documentation through the notes, although the bibliography is full. **AW**

Gordon B. Dodds teaches and writes environmental, Pacific Northwest, and Western History at Portland State University.

Women and Men on the Overland Trail
by John Mack Faragher (Yale University, New Haven, 1979; 295 pp., intro., charts, biblio., appen., notes, index, $17.50).

Reviewed by David A. Walker

THE MOVEMENT of thousands of men and women along the Oregon–California Trail in the two decades preceding the Civil War has attracted a wide variety of historical interest. For years historians, both amateur and professional, and writers of fiction have built on the perceptions left by hundreds of participants. John Mack Faragher has taken the personal impressions and compared marriage relationships in the mid-nineteenth century Midwest with those of the overlanders.

From nearly 800 diaries and reminiscences Faragher critically studied 160 that were written by family members on the trail. He excluded the heaviest years of gold rush activity, 1849–1851, as abnormally male-dominated. The author also reconstructed the genealogies and traveling parties of 122 families and submitted their diary entries to fifty-three value-categories using content analysis. The methodological details are relegated to several appendixes. But the evidence is too often narrowly focused. Most examples cited are from several southern Illinois counties and not broadly based throughout the four midwestern states. The social milieu in these counties could clearly have skewed the overall conclusions.

Faragher discusses the daily routine, workloads, and sexual distribution of labor in the Midwest—typical of settled agricultural societies in its unequal division of power between men and women. These were smoothly transferred to the overland experience. Women demonstrated more concern with family and health matters, they enjoyed little overall responsibility but a demanding work schedule, and they encountered no relief from daily drudgery that was familiar but more difficult and frustrating on the trail. In contrast, men showed more interest in competition, aggression, and violence. They always initiated the emigration decision, Faragher believes, and assumed the responsibility of moving family and wagons to the Pacific coast. "Men worked within a pattern of activity/inactivity geared for functional efficiency; periods of maximum excitement were matched by periods of rest and relaxation."

The diaries revealed that the single most important distinction between the social and cultural environment of women and men was the isolation and immobility of wives compared to husbands. Women's social relationships were mostly within their families and, as a result, the loss of a sense of home was perhaps the most difficult burden to bear. They were dependent on families for companionship and on husbands for livelihood and support. Women's greatest struggle on the trail was to endure hardship and suffering without becoming bitter and resentful. "For men the trip West was an active test of competition, strength, and manliness. . . . For women the trip West was a test of their inner strength."

This is an enlightening study that reflects recent trends in the history of women and the family. It provides interesting perspectives into one important facet of westward expansion. If readers are seeking a broadly-based, highly readable account of the overland experience, however, they should turn to John Unruh's *The Plains Across.* **AW**

David A. Walker is an associate professor of history at the University of Northern Iowa, with research interests in mining and transportation. His history of Minnesota's iron range frontier is being published by the Minnesota Historical Society this fall.

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(Continued from page 14)

sentful that instead of recognized chiefs, two young boys from their tribe had been taken on the 1805 journey. When the lads returned wearing presidential medals and claiming to be leaders, the established tribal chieftains refused to listen to their reports. Although Lieutenant Pike attempted to make amends by promising the Pawnee chief a larger medal, Sibley reported five years later that it had never been delivered. Sibley also noted that the Pawnee possessed many flags and medals from the Spanish governor in Santa Fe, but that they had only the single American flag Pike had left with them. Such oversights and errors of judgment did little to further Jefferson's plans.

Even when the Americans managed to win over individual chiefs with their whirlwind courtship, the final results proved to be little more encouraging. By all accounts the Mandan Chief Shahaka became enamoured of the white man's world and longed to become a part of it, but since that could not be, the unhappy Mandan leader subsequently found himself stranded between the two cultures. Whites did not accept him as one of their own, and the chief's preoccupation with the white man's ways caused him to lose face among his fellow Mandans.

Finally, the government's tardiness in fulfilling its pledges to provide material assistance further undermined the Indians' confidence in the Americans. Pierre Chouteau's reminder to the president in 1804 that a forge and other equipment had not been delivered to the Osage village is but one example of many neglected promises.

CONTACT WITH the trans-Mississippi tribesmen seems only to have reinforced the white man's bifocal view of his red brothers and sisters. For many Americans, the Indians were objects of admiration, free from the encrustation of evil and corrupt civilization, and at the same time wild and savage beasts of the woods and plains. In policy and practice this inconsistency persisted. The Jefferson administration and its successors continued to entertain the comforting notion that the Indians could and would be delivered from barbarism while shielded from the vices of white society. In practice, however, the whites deceived, neglected, and misused the Indians. In response, the tribesmen killed, burned, looted, resisted, surrendered, and often died. These tragic events resulted not so much from intentional deceit as from an inability to translate ideals into action. The two civilizations were too diverse to be compatible. The best intentions of good men on both sides of the cultural barrier could not overcome the ingrained attitudes of innumerable generations. The white man could not be prevented from attempting to fulfill his vision of the future, and the red man could not be saved from being himself.

While it may be argued that Indian visits to Washington helped to keep the peace and encourage trade, in the long run, they failed to achieve the idealistic goals which Jefferson and others advanced. Neither good intentions nor elaborate ceremonies could bridge the gap between these disparate worlds. Probably nothing in the power of a government could. As Augustus Foster concluded, "It is beginning at the wrong end to take full grown men from the woods and push them forward into the broad blaze of civilization." Foster was describing the events of 1805–1807, but in a larger sense his comments sum up the insolvency of American Indian policy. The trans-Mississippi Indian nations' ways of life were doomed when Louisiana became the possession of the vigorous, young United States. Nearly half a century later the Suquamish Chief Seattle reflected an Indian's view of the dilemma: "We are two distinct races with separate origins and separate destinies. There is little in common between us." **AW**

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William E. Foley *and* **Charles David Rice** *are members of the History Department at Central Missouri State University at Warrensburg. This article is a by-product of their research for a forthcoming biography of the elder Chouteaus, Auguste and Pierre. The authors have just received the Vivian Paladin Writing Award, given annually by the Montana Historical Society, for their article* "The Return of the Mandan Chief" *in* Montana, the Magazine of Western History, *Summer 1979.*

OLD MONTEREY AND ITS HISTORIC ADOBES

(Continued from page 27)

residence, beautifully restored. Regretfully, the old Vallejo home was not saved from destruction. But around the corner on Friendly Plaza, Colton Hall stands as the showpiece of Monterey's municipal buildings, owned by the city and maintained as a museum.

Across from the Cooper adobe, the Casa Amesti provides a splendid example of Monterey's colonial architecture as it existed in the 1850s. The adobe remained a residence for members of the Amesti family for almost eighty years. Then a subsequent owner bequeathed it to the National Trust for Historic Preservation. Elegantly furnished and immaculately maintained, it is open to the public on a limited basis.

The Cooper property, situated on two acres in the downtown area, comprises the original adobe and several additional structures presently referred to as the Cooper-Molera complex. Enclosed by high adobe walls, it affords a unique opportunity to conjure the illusion of a return to mid-nineteenth century Monterey. Continuously in the possession of the Cooper family until 1968, it was willed to the National Trust for Historic Preservation by Juan Bautista Rogers Cooper's granddaughter, Frances Molera.

In 1972 the State of California signed a thirty-year lease with the National Trust, requiring that the Cooper-Molera complex be restored and maintained. Close to $1.3 million has been allocated in the 1978–79 budget of the State Department of Parks and Recreation for the project, scheduled for completion in 1981. Based on extensive archaeological, architectural, and historical research, the restoration will present an outstanding visual interpretation of the life-style of early California.

The adobes of Monterey are not so much historical monuments as a living part of the present. Some are museums, but most have functional uses as offices, clubs, business establishments, and homes for the people of today. They range in size and style from the Casa Serrano, representative of the three-room design that characterized the first adobes, to the Stevenson House, a structure greatly enlarged and remodeled, which houses a fine collection of memorabilia relating to the author who stayed there briefly. Organizations such as the Monterey History and Art Association are vigilant in ensuring that the ambience of historic Monterey shall not be obscured by modern urban development. And within the massive walls of each adobe, one can experience the presence of the past and relive the dramatic story of days gone by. **AW**

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Much of this article is based on correspondence, memoirs, and reminiscences of the families involved, as well as upon genealogical and property records. For this material, the author is indebted to Amelie Elkinton, Historian of the Monterey History and Art Association and active member of the National Trust for Historic Preservation. Thanks are also due to Robert Reese, State Park Historian II in the California State Department of Parks and Recreation, for information about the Cooper-Molera restoration project.

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HE KEPT THE HOME FIRES BURNING

(Continued from page 17)

Ben wore a peg leg of his own manufacture. It was the kind pirates wore. "I know," I told my cousin. I had seen a pirate with a leg like that in my illustrated *Treasure Island*. Ben's leg was whittled out of a short log and tapered to a peg at the bottom where he had nailed a few layers of harness-leather to take up some of the shock. At the top of the peg, a cup had been whittled and then padded with pieces of old blanket. Lengths of one-by-two were nailed on each side at the top; leather straps with harness-buckles held it tight to his thigh.

Once my aunt insisted that Ben should have a store-bought leg. She corraled him long enough to take some measurements with her sewing tape. The leg came. It was painted a sickly pink, outfitted with nickel-plated bands and brown leather pads. It even had a knee-joint and an ankle joint. It was advertised as the latest and best and must have cost my aunt a "hand and a foot" (her expression for anything that seemed expensive). Of course, she never mentioned the cost to Ben. He wore it for a while, probably to please my aunt. Gradually, he showed up more and more with his old leg. My aunt said nothing about the regression, and Ben did not comment on his preference for the old leg, either.

Ben had built his own shack out of rough, green lumber. My uncle remarked that some cheapskate mill-owner had paid off Ben's uncollected wages by shoving off a pile of rotten, knotty boards on him. Ben did not complain. He laid out a rectangle on the high side of the barn lot. He sorted out the best lumber for a floor, and with the rest, he framed and battened the walls. When it was complete, my aunt offered him a three-quarter bedstead, springs, and mattress. Ben built a hard-bottomed bunk in the corner to fit the mattress, but the rest of the bed he consigned to a storage shed.

Ben nailed apple boxes to the walls at convenient places. A two-by-four circled the inside of the room at a convenient height for a small shelf. On this, Ben laid out his pipe and tobacco, his jar of "Red Pepper Rub," his shaving mug, and straight razor. The razor strop he hung on a nail at the only window, a small four-paned one nailed solidly into the wall. He placed, close at hand, a tall bottle of liniment. The garish label proclaimed the contents good for man and beast, taken internally or rubbed on the skin. My aunt said there was enough alcohol in it to level a steer, and goodness knows what other vile, foreign drugs. But if Ben believed in it, who was she to tell him different. Ben rubbed it on his aching joints. When one of his hollow molars ached, he would soak a small ball of ravelings in the redolent stuff and pack the offending cavity.

I spent summers on the ranch with my cousin. We would hang around on hot summer afternoons not knowing how to entertain ourselves, but we had strict orders not to bother Ben unless he was willing. The signal was a wash-basin of water flying out the door when Ben had washed up after his afternoon rest. We would keep an unrelenting watch to be sure we did not lose a precious minute in sharing his idle time. Ben must have had the patience of Job. Some days we would sneak down and perch on Ben's doorstep in our starched, white dresses, looking (I imagine) like two White Leghorn pullets waiting to be fed. We could hear Ben starting to shuffle around inside, banging his pipe free over the open stove-lid hole. He would open the door while tamping tobacco into the charred pipebowl to just the right firmness, selecting a match from the caddy near the stove, and scratching it deliberately on his overall leg. When we were almost out of breath from suspense, he would pull a chair up to the doorway. He would still have the match-head between his calloused fingertips. "You hold it 'til it's cold," he would say. "That way you'll never start a forest fire."

"Now, Ben?" we would query. He would nod and cast the dead match out onto the bare clay of the barn lot. His stories always started with "one time when I was—" (of a certain age, or at a certain place). He would tell tales that seemed to us so unbelievable that in our childish ignorance we thought Ben might be fabricating a little. But when we grew up, we found Ben's stories had been truthful. If the day was chilly and rainy and Ben's rheumatism was not "cutting up," he would invite us inside to sit in his chair and on the stool where he rested his stump. Ben would sit on his bunk beside the woodbox so that he could guide all his whittling chips into it, while he coaxed uninteresting wooden blocks into little animals—a bear, a dog, a chipmunk.

There was a curiously blended aroma in Ben's shack, a blend of laundry soap, horse liniment, tobacco, damp wool, rubber galoshes, and often, to put a head on this bachelor perfume, freshly baked cinnamon rolls, full of raisins and topped with white icing. My aunt would entrust us to deliver the cinnamon rolls intact. They were for Ben's sweet tooth. We would be instructed not to eat from Ben's share, but who could resist when he picked one for each of us and laid them in our greedy palms.

After several years, we sort of took Old Ben for granted. Our young eyes could not see that Ben was failing. One morning, my cousin and I awoke to find the house deserted. A note on the dining room table told us that Ben had been taken to the hospital in town. We were to find ourselves something to eat—my aunt did not know when she would be back. We whacked off a couple of slices of bread, found milk in the cooler, and sort of milled around the house, chewing and drinking absent-mindedly. We felt strange and abandoned, with both my aunt and Ben away.

Small paralytic strokes, each more debilitating than the last, were cancelling Ben's movements. My aunt and uncle haunted the hospital for days. We were allowed several visits. We could not go in but could wave to Ben through the window on the ground floor. We could see his eyes turn toward us and his mouth smile.

One day Ben told my aunt he had a son, probably living in the same small town in Illinois where Ben had left him with his mother. My aunt made several inquiries which she

thought would be fruitless but actually did receive a cautious little note in reply. The son would come West, bringing his wife and baby boy. That was all. When the son arrived, he was very distant, and his wife hostile. My aunt got permission for Ben to see his little grandson. He seemed to be happier now that his family was closer. But all was not sweetness and light. My aunt overheard the wife telling Ben's son that this was a trap to get them here just to pay hospital and funeral bills, and the sooner they left the better. The next morning, the son informed Ben that he was returning home immediately on urgent business. When the family left, my uncle drove them to the train station ten miles away by buggy, and saw them off.

Ben died quietly a few days later. My aunt and uncle made themselves responsible for the doctor and hospital bills and funeral costs. After all, Ben was "ours," wasn't he? I went to my first funeral. I could not cry like my aunt and was ashamed and afraid she would think I did not care. I could explain the situation to myself—tears just could not get around the lump in my throat. My uncle came over to see my cousin and me and put his arms around our shoulders and patted us sympathetically.

My aunt included us children in making a choice for the headstone. Our choice of gray granite was approved, but we disgraced ourselves by getting into an argument and hair-pulling over what message we wanted on it. Finally, under my aunt's stiff-lipped guidance, we decided on "Ben Phillipi—Our Friend" and the date of his death. The son had said that his mother never mentioned Ben, and he had no idea how old his father was or where he had been born. My cousin and I carried the trowels up to the family plot on the ranch. Each of us was allowed a few swipes at the wet cement before the stone was set in place.

Ben is not forgotten. He left a legacy of long-remembered stories and cherished wooden toys to a couple of loving, little girls.

I CAME TO KNOW the other handyman years later when I was a young ranch wife overwhelmed with unfamiliar responsibilities—to carry my share of the ranch work and to give my new baby the time for love and care that he deserved.

Fred was sent over to help us from one of my husband's relatives on a neighboring ranch. All my husband's relatives and "kissing kin" had taken up homesteads in the same area and spread over the whole valley. So, Fred was shared among them to go wherever he was needed the most. He seemed to move willingly from place to place, evidently enjoying the variety but also feeling the security in the entire group.

Fred fulfilled the popular image of the cowboy from his Stetson hat down to his Justin boots. His clothes, all mail order from places in Texas, fitted his lanky frame perfectly. He did not dress to be a replica of the movie cowboy, as a lot of young men were doing. He chose his clothes because they suited him and his work. In cool weather, Fred wore what he called his "pool table" shirt. I do not know if it was pool table cloth. But it was Kelly green and so finely woven that it turned the wind and water. His chaps were slim, scuffed, and bare of fancy conchas or other adornment. Fred once remarked that his father had "shucked him out of his white dress and blue bootees before he could walk" and shoved him into a pair of Levis and on to a horse's back.

Fred was much younger than Ben but also crippled. He never mentioned the accident that left him with his own distinct gait. Several years before, a windy crisp dawn was just right for a "knotheaded cayuse" to misbehave. Fred climbed on to take the sass out of him before he went out on the job. A stray tumbleweed rolled out of a corner of the corral and under the horse's belly. One wild snort, a leap straight up with rump fish-tailing from side to side—the fuzz-tail threw an unwary Fred and came down upon the defenseless body.

Fred did a little of everything. He rode the mower several hours a day in haying season. The haying day started as soon as the sun had dried the night's dew off the field and continued with only a break for dinner, a quick smoke, and periodic drinks from the water jugs, wrapped in gunny sacking, left along the edge of the field. After supper, Fred still had the vitality to sit the quiet saddle of the grindstone and sharpen sickles for the next day's cutting. Everyone said Fred could sharpen sickles better than anyone else, and Fred knew it, too.

Fred could also build a sharp-cornered haystack and top it so that it shed water. He fed cattle from a hay boat, chopped wood, hauled water, beat rugs, played with the babies, and churned butter. Only once when he was beset with several jobs at the same time, did I ever hear Fred complain, and that was only a mild remark that he "was sure a popular feller around these parts."

He was so right. Frantic messages were continually sent to wherever Fred happened to be: Has Fred got time to come over to shoe a couple of horses? The cows were breaking into the garden patch; could Fred come and mend the fence? Could he come over and watch the kids overnight? Mama and Papa wanted to go to a barn dance. How about Fred for a week of gopher poisoning? Could Fred ride ditch and do a little, delicate, hillside irrigating while he was about it?

Somehow he managed to placate everyone. And he had his own list of things he wanted to do. He took it upon himself to check on Grandma regularly—the Grandma who would not come and live with her kids, and stubbornly stayed up in the hills on the original homestead, who insisted she would not leave the log cabin to which she had come as a girl-bride.

Fred had his own mount that took him from job to job. He joked about the way he rode with his crooked pelvis and bad leg, "sorta screw-gee-d and hipshot." Everyone but Fred worried about his riding that "crazy horse." His name was Jerry, a chestnut almost seventeen hands high, a "proud" horse, a half-cut gelding with fire in his eyes who would not let anyone but Fred get close to him. He struck at strangers with his front hooves and kicked unexpectedly with his hind feet. He even kept Fred on the

alert with his mean habit of reaching around and biting at Fred's leg if he had to stand for too long.

In the fall when the ranches were tucked in for the winter, Fred packed up all his worldly possessions: a bed roll wrapped in a tarp, a fry pan blackened over many cook fires; two well cared-for guns, one a twelve-gauge shotgun, the other a thirty-ought-six rifle; ammunition; a dozen or so coyote and muskrat traps; all packed neatly along with some grub staples and other necessaries, put on a pack-saddle, covered with another piece of canvas, and cinched down with a diamond hitch. We would see him return months later when pelts had started slipping hair and had no market value. His winter catch of fur, carefully scraped and stretched, brought top money from a fur company in Saint Louis. This money, Fred said, kept him in "possibles."

Fred neither drank nor smoked, and women were certainly not a weakness. Although his shy manner drew them to him, they drifted away, baffled by his silence. Fred had his personal bag of eccentricities. He would not sleep under a roof unless inclement weather drove him in, and that was only to sleep in the hayloft. He bathed after dark in the horse trough, followed by a mean scrubbing of his clothes. He carried a little red can of cayenne pepper in his shirt pocket and sprinkled the hot, red powder lavishly over his breakfast eggs, hash-browns and ham. At other meals, steak, mashed potatoes and gravy suffered a rash of the hot stuff. Vegetables, Fred disdained in any form.

Fred had one quiet passion—his guitar. My brother-in-law ventured that the guitar must have cost Fred at least two winters of trapping. It was a Martin with the heaviest carrying case I had ever seen, lined with red, crushed velvet. That did not seem enough protection for it; so, Fred wrapped it in an old, soft, flour sack before he put it in the case. If the guitar was traveling with him, he put a canvas sack of his own design over the case, pinched in at the ends so that the latigo strings held it close to the saddle.

On summer evenings a special sort of quiet would settle over the family and hands, gathered on the porch to rest in the cool, evening breeze that whispered down from the hills. Most of all, they were drawn by the music Fred could get out of the guitar and by his low-pitched singing. Fred would lower himself cautiously to the porch floor and unwrap the guitar lovingly. His head bent, he would strum the instrument gently, listening for a slipped string. Every key set to his liking, he would lean back against the house wall, idly finger the frets, and let his other hand coax sweet sounds from the strings. When the entertainment was about to begin, everyone started asking for his favorite tune. The guitar would mutter and croon to Fred under our clamor. Then as if some secret agreement had been reached, the guitar would accompany Fred.

We demanded "Chisholm Trail," the terrible sadness of "Little Joe, the Wrangler," and the moan of death in "The Streets of Laredo," and always "When It's Springtime in the Rockies" that we could all sing-along to. After these, Fred seemed to drift away into a world of his own. Strains of songs about distant places, songs sung in Spanish of Old Mexico and the border, of passionate love, intrigue and violent death, of beautiful *señoritas* and brave men. Nobody thought of munching apples or crunching popcorn while Fred sang. We sat there, half somnolent, melting into the words and music, transported to other days and places.

The clock in the hall would strike away the hours at least twice. Darkness crept in. The stars hung above the ranch close enough for picking. The crickets were in full cry, and above their clamor, far off, a coyote called enticingly to the ranch bitch. Fred would rise quietly off the porch, give us a soft good night and disappear around the corner of the house, leaving each one of us to drift back from our reveries in our own time.

WHILE TIME HAS SCATTERED OUR FAMILY, Fred is still with us. He decided when to hang up his saddle and retire to his own cabin on a corner of the home place. His old injuries have curtailed his walking but not his desire to be busy and independent. He has his own leather shop that enables him to buy his "possibles." While we drop in on him frequently to see if he is all right, we do it in the guise of just "shooting the breeze" or "talking shop." Most of the time he is too busy with his business to gab very long. He builds and repairs saddles and bridles, and works leather in his own designs. Repair jobs take precedence over every other order. After all, a cowhand must not be grounded. We watch him doing what he calls "dude-ing up" one of his saddles. Into the damp, receptive leather, his gnarled fingers drive deep designs. As we watch, we are carried back to evenings long ago, when those fingers, so nimble then, coaxed magic from a set of guitar strings. **AW**

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COMMODORE JONES AND HIS PRIVATE WAR

(Continued from page 32)

now arrived." In the back of his mind was the nagging fear that at any moment the top hamper of Admiral Thomas's squadron, a force far superior to Jones's, would loom over Point Pinos, or that General Manuel Micheltorena, the new governor general of California would appear on Monterey's landward side with a strong force of troops to defend his capital. Among other information Jones had acquired so far was the intelligence that Micheltorena was within three days march of Monterey. Everything thus pointed to the urgency of seizing the town and laying claim to both Californias for the United States. Then, should the British appear and decide to contest the issue, Jones be-

lieved that with his marines manning the fort's guns and reinforced by the batteries of his two ships, the squadron could ensure victory for the United States. In any event, so he reasoned, the act of seizure would confer legal title on the U.S. by right of prior conquest. From this moment, the irreversible train of events began to unfold.

Captain Armstrong and the Commodore's secretary embarked in a small boat and headed for the beach. At 4:00 P.M., they presented the acting governor general with Jones's demand for surrender. According to the Commodore's subsequent report to the secretary of the navy, "The Governor of Monterey unhesitatingly consented to surrender the department over which he presides, without asking a single question, or even inquiring why we appeared in hostile array against his country. . . ." Obviously now believing he had adequate time to effect the conquest, Jones gave the governor until 9:00 A.M. on the twentieth before he would demand signatures on the document of surrender. He had, however, badly underestimated the governor's eagerness to divest himself of responsibility for the Californias.

Shortly before midnight on the nineteenth, a messenger broke the Commodore out of his bunk with the news that two Mexican officers, sent by Governor Alvarado to treat for the surrender of Monterey, were standing on the quarterdeck. For the next two hours, they negotiated the terms of surrender, altering the original text accordingly. Since considerable time would be required to rewrite the document to reflect the negotiated alterations and then translate the whole into Spanish, it was further agreed that the formal signing would take place at 9:30 the following morning, the Stars and Stripes replacing the Mexican flag at 11:00.

Before the two emissaries departed the flagship at the end of their nocturnal visit, Jones was startled by a question from their interpreter, T. O. Larkin. An American citizen, Larkin had lived in California since 1832 and had become a reasonably prosperous merchant in Monterey. After the negotiations had been concluded, he asked the Commodore which side had declared war. Plainly irritated because Larkin had not previously boarded the *United States* to brief him about conditions on shore, Jones answered that the declaration had come from Mexico and was "conditional" in nature. The first hint that there might be a serious mistake in the making crossed Jones's mind when Larkin asserted that there were late papers on shore which made no mention of hostilities between the two countries. Jones immediately asked Larkin to send on board every bit of evidence he could lay his hands on, public or private, that was later than 4 June. Then the Commodore turned in once more, convinced he still had time to reverse the proceedings if Larkin's assertion proved to be accurate.

Larkin reappeared early the following, foggy morning, but without the purported newspapers or letters, nonetheless still claiming such proof existed. Far from giving Jones pause, Larkin's actions merely excited his suspicions. Mindful of the reports of General Micheltorena's proximity with some 600 troops, the Commodore believed that time was now indeed of the essence. Those guns in the run-down fort could serve an invaluable, dual purpose. If the Mexicans arrived first, the guns could be trained inland and, backed by the batteries of the warships, should take care of any assault mounted from landward. Pointed seaward, again reinforced by the ships' batteries, the combined force could cope with whatever the British might attempt to do.

Governor Alvarado, however, laid to rest any remaining reservations the Commodore might have had. Exhibiting unseemingly haste to capitulate, he sent his delegation off to the flagship two hours ahead of the agreed 9:30 A.M. time for affixing signatures to the instrument of surrender. Once on board, these gentlemen insisted on signing, even before the required duplicate copies could be laboriously penned by the Commodore's writer. And, sign they did.

Almost immediately thereafter, a 150-man force of sailors and marines landed, the whole under the overall supervision of Flag Captain James Armstrong and the direct military command of the *Cyane*'s Commander Stribling. A curious contrast with modern military practice was evident in the force. Jones reported to the secretary of the navy that the marines served under the immediate command of Lt. G. W. Robbins, "assisted by Mr. H. H. Lockwood, professor of mathematics on board this ship, who acted as adjutant."

Once on shore, the landing party fanned out and swiftly took possession of the town and its defenses. Inasmuch as Jones's primary concern was Micheltorena and his approaching "army," the guns in the Castle were pointed inland, loaded with the sailors' friends—grape and canister—and all U.S. personnel ashore were issued extra small-arms. Of course, should Admiral Thomas put in an appearance, those same guns could be quickly traversed to meet any assault from seaward. Within a short time of the initial landings, the United States Pacific Squadron was ready to defend this newly acquired territory.

At eleven o'clock as scheduled, the Mexican flag descended the pole, and the Stars and Stripes went up. For the moment, the people of Alta and Baja California were quite suddenly American rather than Mexican citizens. Meanwhile, further preparations to defend the town continued apace. On the landward side of the Castle, now renamed Fort Catesby in honor of the Commodore's long deceased father, earthworks were thrown up to protect the guns and defending troops. Once satisfied that as much as possible had been done, Captain Armstrong sent the bulk of the landing force back to their ships. The rest of the afternoon and night, in Jones's words, "passed in perfect quietness." Apparently, no one in Monterey wanted to contest the American occupation.

THE NEXT MORNING, Commodore Jones went ashore to survey Monterey and inspect the defenses his sailors and marines had fashioned. Almost immediately, he again encountered the rumor that information of a late date was available proving that no hostilities had broken out between the two countries. To track down this persistent as-

sertion, the Commodore sent off his secretary, Mr. H. La Reintrie, and the Reverend T. B. Bartow, the squadron's chaplain.

In the office of one of the commissioners who had negotiated the terms of surrender, the pair found several bundles of Mexican papers dated as late as 4 August. When their envelopes were broken, it became clear from the tone and content of the articles therein that peace certainly still reigned as of that date. The two impromptu sleuths also uncovered private commercial letters from Mazatlan which convinced Jones that as of 22 August, Mexico had not commenced any sort of hostilities against the United States. The newspapers also dispelled Jones's belief in the cession of the territory to Great Britain. With classic understatement, Jones reported to Upshur that "this change in the aspects of international affairs called for prompt action on my part."

Indeed it did. The Commander, United States Pacific Squadron, had sailed boldly into the harbor of the capital of Mexican California, seized the town as well as every Mexican-flag ship present, and issued a proclamation claiming all of the two Californias for the United States—while the two nations remained at peace. His actions had therefore resulted in unquestioned aggression against a sovereign state and provided Mexico with justification for going to war.

COMMODORE JONES lost no time in conferring with Armstrong and Stribling. Opinions were identical: return the town to the local authorities at the earliest moment. Accordingly, a proposal of retrocession was hastily made to Acting Governor Alvarado. Whatever else might be said about him, Alvarado must be credited with making prompt decisions. He agreed to take Monterey back with as much alacrity as he had demonstrated in surrendering it. About 4:00 P.M. on Friday, 21 October 1842, the Stars and Stripes fluttered down, and the Mexican flag was again hoisted over the Castle of Monterey. The Californias' twenty-nine-hour sojourn as American territory had come to an end.

The diplomatic furor which followed is not difficult to picture. Mexico reacted with unbridled outrage, demanding a full explanation, reparations for alleged damages caused incident to the occupation, and severe punishment of the American commander in the Pacific. Due to the dreadful communications which had helped bring on the whole affair, Jones did not immediately learn the consequences of his actions. But having already served in the navy for some thirty-five years—a period replete with similar trying circumstances faced by naval commanders on distant stations—the Commodore could have entertained few doubts about his ultimate fate—recall, perhaps court-martial.

In the meantime, he decided to spend the winter on the California coast, all the while seeking to make amends for the events of 19–21 October and doing his best to restore amicable relations between the United States and Mexico. For the most part, he succeeded admirably. And he was helped immeasurably by the officers and men of the two ships who captivated, and were in turn captivated by, the "senoritas ashore." There was still, however, the matter of mending fences with the new governor of the Californias, General Micheltorena.

By 1 November, Commodore Jones had accepted a Micheltorena proposal to meet in southern California sometime around the middle of the month. But squadron and other matters delayed these plans by almost two months. Anticipating the resumption of cruising throughout his vast area of responsibility, the Commodore had to worry about a simple item, salt.

In Monterey, fresh meat was readily available. Large quantities of salt, however, would be required to preserve the meat his ships would have to load aboard for the long voyage in prospect. Thus, late in November, Jones shifted his broad blue pennant to the *Cyane* and sent the *United States* off to Hawaii, the nearest place where the requisite amounts of salt were to be had. The forty-five year old frigate, a fine example of Joshua Humphrey's genius as a ship designer and builder, made the round-trip passage in a record thirty days. In fact, when the *United States* was sighted standing in to Monterey Bay on 24 December, it was assumed on board the *Cyane* that something had gone wrong, that the "Old Wagon" was returning without having reached Honolulu.

In the meantime, Jones had sailed north to San Francisco where the *Dale* finally rejoined with the long-awaited news from Washington: peace reigned supreme, *through the month of June.*

Not until early January of 1843 did the squadron head south, *United States* and *Dale* for Mazatlan, and *Cyane*, with Jones still aboard, for Santa Barbara and San Pedro. At long last, at noon on 19 January, Commodore Jones and General Micheltorena met at the pueblo of Los Angeles. It was a friendly meeting, despite Jones's plea of no authority to sign Micheltorena's proposed "Articles of Convention" which, among other provisions, called for reparations. On 21 January, having made his final gesture to restore relations with the Mexican authorities in California, the Commodore received full military honors and departed Los Angeles escorted by a gaudily turned out, mounted troop. Shortly after reaching San Pedro, he boarded *Cyane* and sailed for Mazatlan where he moved back to his frigate flagship. So ended the Commodore's incredible adventure in Mexican California. But its ultimate ramifications still lay ahead.

By this time, the order for Jones's recall, and replacement by Commodore Alexander James Dallas, had been issued by Secretary Upshur. Precisely when Jones got wind of Upshur's action is not altogether clear. That he intended to hold on to his command as long as possible was, however, evidenced by his actions after leaving the California coast.

Sailing south to Valparaiso, the *United States* spent a month in that port before proceeding north to Callao. A little more than two weeks later, with the fact of recall now being fairly general knowledge within the squadron, the Commodore ordered his flagship off on an inspection trip

of the islands in the central Pacific. He could not have selected a more effective method of eluding Commodore Dallas, now in hot pursuit of his new command.

Setting sail from Callao on 21 June 1843, Jones spent the next seven months cruising the central and south Pacific, touching at Hawaii, the Marqueses, and Tahiti before returning to the coast of South America. In Honolulu, the *United States* shipped a number of Americans who had deserted various whaling ships, men the Hawaiians wanted very much to be rid of. One of them, enlisted as an ordinary seaman (Muster Role #572), was destined to serve in the "States Frigate" until her return to America in 1844. That man, Herman Melville, would write a quasi-novel about his service, *White Jacket*. Only thinly disguised Thomas ap Catesby Jones is the "Commodore" of Melville's book.

As Jones sailed the blue waters of the Pacific, an exasperated Dallas journeyed from port to port seeking his predecessor. Embarking first in the tiny squadron storeship *Shark* and later in the slightly larger sloop *Erie*, Dallas hoisted his own blue pennant, thereby giving the squadron two commodores for awhile, and continued the chase. Rough passages in these small ships apparently did not agree with Dallas, and he took ill, blaming it all on the exertions of trying to catch the elusive Jones.

On arrival at Nukuhiva in the Marquesas Islands in early October of 1843, Commodore Jones received a copy of the official order recalling him to Washington, Dallas having forwarded it along with his own letter of complaint about Jones's movements via French Admiral Dupetit-Thours and his flagship *La Reine Blanche*.

No longer able to argue that he had not received an official directive ordering him to relinquish his command, Jones decided to return to the South American coast. But the reluctant Commodore first sailed almost a thousand miles *southwestward* from the Marquesas to Tahiti. There he paid a visit, and received the tattooed queen on board the *United States* before finally heading for Valparaiso in late October.

At last, on 21 November 1843, the flagship sailed into the harbor of Valparaiso and came to anchor. Dallas, of course, was not there. He was in the central Pacific on board U.S.S. *Erie*, still trying to find Jones. After two weeks in port, Jones headed north for Callao. Naturally, he did not find the thoroughly enraged Dallas there, either.

By this time, Jones knew the game was up. On 21 January 1844, he hauled down his pennant, boarded the frigate *Constellation* and, as a guest of Commodore Lawrence Kearny—then en route to the United States from a tour as Commander, United States Far Eastern Squadron—took passage for home.

The unfortunate Dallas, though never having sighted the fast-moving Jones, was now the undisputed commander of the Pacific squadron. He did not keep the post for long. On 4 June 1844, Commodore Dallas died on board his flagship the U.S.S. *Savannah* while at sea off Callao and was buried at Lima.

Jones returned to Washington where, after rumors of court-martial for the Monterey episode, he was eventually exonerated. President James Polk conveyed to the Commodore via Secretary of the Navy John Y. Mason his decision that "there has been no disposition to visit you with punishment of any description for conduct actuated by any such elevated principles of duty."

The new President had brought to office an unswerving determination to annex Texas as well as to acquire California. Following a series of cross-border provocations—some probably contrived—Polk obtained a declaration of war from Congress on 11 May 1846. Though aware of fighting between American and Mexican troops along the Rio Grande, Commodore John D. Sloat—then commanding the Pacific squadron—harbored no desire to repeat Jones's earlier mistake. So, he backed and filled in the vicinity of Mazatlan until the first part of June when, finally convinced that war between the United States and Mexico had indeed broken out, he headed north to take California. He personally conducted the seizure of Monterey on 7 July. Other ships of his command fanned out, and, in a matter of days, every significant port in Alta California was in American hands, this time for good.

In 1848, Commodore Jones was again ordered to command of the Pacific squadron. He had emerged professionally unscathed from the episode at Monterey. Ironically, Jones's initial duty was to arrange for the disinterment of Dallas's body at Lima and oversee its shipment to the United States—on board the *Erie*, incidentally—for burial in the frustrated officer's native soil. The flying Welshman, Thomas ap Catesby Jones, once more held the upper hand. **AW**

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The best primary sources on events in this article are in the National Archives where old, hand-written Navy Department records are on microfilm. Record Group 45 constitutes a gold mine of information, including letters between the Secretary of the Navy and various commanders. Of special interest is the collection of *Letters from Officers Commanding Squadrons (Pacific Squadron, February 1841–November 1886)*. Record Group 24 comprises Ships' Logs from 1801 to 1945. *American State Papers—Naval Affairs* (1834) requires a bit of detective work. *The History of the American Sailing Navy* by Howard I. Chapelle (1949) is a definitive work with respect to the construction and characteristics of naval ships of this period. S. R. Franklin served as a midshipman aboard the *United States*, and his *Memories of a Rear Admiral* (1898) is valuable, though written many years later.

A partial list of other works which touch in whole or in part on Jones's actions at Monterey include: Justin Smith, *The War with Mexico* (1919); *Journal of a Cruise to the Pacific Ocean, 1842–1844, in the Frigate United States* (1937), edited by Charles R. Anderson; Thomas O. Larkin, *The Affair at Monterey, October 20 & 21, 1842* (1964); and *Philo White's Narrative of a Cruize in the Pacific . . . on the . . . Dale, 1841–1843* (1965).

Finally, there is Herman Melville's *White Jacket* (1956). While this is ostensibly a novel, written to provoke naval reform, it is nonetheless accurate with respect to the officers who actually served in the "Old Wagon" and the frigate's movements during the time Melville was aboard.

Rear Admiral **Robert J. Hanks,** *following his retirement from active duty in 1977, became a consultant and free-lance writer. Over the years, he has written extensively on strategic and geopolitical subjects as well as maritime history. His account of another episode in the colorful career of Jones appeared as Chapter 1 in* America Spreads Her Sails.

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